

UNCLE TOM'S KINDRED,

OR

THE WRONGS OF THE LOWLY,

EXHIBITED
IN A SERIES OF SKETCHES AND NARRATIVES
IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

“On the side of their oppressors there was power, but they had no comforter.”

COMPILED FOR THE USE OF SABBATH SCHOOLS;

By E. SMITH, M. G. comp.

MANSFIELD, O.,

PUBLISHED BY E. SMITH, FOR THE WESLEYAN
METHODIST CONNECTION OF AMERICA:

1854.

Gift of
N. W. Hodges

ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the
year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred
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18350

SLAVERY IN NORTH CAROLINA.

BY REV. ADAM CROOKS.

Bro. SMITH:—In complying with your request, to furnish you an account of slavery and its workings, as I have seen them, it is proper to say, that the statements I am going to make, and the incidents I am about to relate, will by no means present slavery as it exists in Alabama, South Carolina, and Georgia, or in the extreme South. But as it is in the North-west of North Carolina—where it is seen in its mildest form—where they boast of their humanity to their slaves—where it is much modified by the influence of the Society of Friends, who hold their yearly meeting in Guilford county, in sight of the old battle-ground, and who have succeeded to infuse no small amount of Religious Anti-slavery sentiment into the minds of the masses.

But the history of slavery any where is one of cruelty, degradation and crime. Even here, the slave is the property of his master, to whom he belongs—"may be deemed,

held, mortgaged, hired, sold, bequeathed, and used, as ordinary articles of property, to all intents, constructions and purposes whatsoever"—“can be nothing, do nothing, nor acquire anything, but must belong to the master;” “is considered no man,—a dead man—a quadruped.” The irresponsible will of the master, is the law absolute of the slave. The slave may be bruised, beaten, half killed, (sometimes they are killed,) at the pleasure of a white man, and there is no redress. He cannot institute a suit at law, nor give evidence before a court against a white person.

The wife of a slave, if indeed he may be said to have a wife, may be insulted, or whipped to death before the husband's eyes, and he may not lift a hand to protect her. The son or daughter may be, yes, and often is, torn from the parent's fond embrace, and there is no help. They are parted forever. All this, and much more, is slavery where it exists in its mildest form.

The slaves in the North-west of North Carolina, are (as has been intimated,) generally speaking, worked moderately, fed upon the coarse substantials of life, of which they get, perhaps, enough, and are clothed somewhat comfortably. These things, however, are subject to the choice or disposition of the master. The avarice of some

renders them entirely insensible to public odium, and void of all sympathy. I have in my mind now, one Armstrong, in Randolph county, an extensive slaveholder of this character. His slaves were worked almost night and day, nearly starved, and half naked. Besides which, they were very frequently most barbarously—not whipped, but literally pounded. On one occasion, they were weighing meat; Armstrong became enraged; beat one of his slaves over the head with the bar of the steelyards, and grasping the hook, raked and tore his head with the violence of a lion, or tiger, robbed of her young.

Another instance of cruelty; but by starvation. A Rev. Mr. Hinds, who owned one slave, (a woman,) was in the habit of taking his family—leaving home two, three and four days; locking the house, and leaving the poor woman to wander where she might in quest of food. This same Rev. gentleman preached a sermon in favor of mobbing Wesleyan preachers. Preached on Sabbath days.

And still another case, of almost worse than starvation: I was told of a circuit preacher who made it a law for the government of his field hands, that from morning till noon, and then from noon till night, when the slaves went into his field to work

they were not to leave on any account. A slave mother took her babe into the field, one warm day. The child after a time became very thirsty, and cried more than an hour. The cruel heart of the overseer was at last moved to pity, and the mother was permitted to go for some water for her suffering babe, and its piteous cries were hushed. But when the master returned, and learned that the mother had left the field, though with the consent of the overseer, as above stated; he ordered the poor woman to be tied up, and cruelly whipped upon the naked back. Children, could you see your dear mother thus abused? Don't you think this was a very hard-hearted man, and that he ought to be better before he is fit to preach? But, oh, don't you pity and pray for the slave mother and her child? We should pray for them, and for their wicked masters, too. The above took place in Montgomery county, N. C., on the banks of the Yadkin river. You can see the place if you will look on the map.

You see from the foregoing, that slave women have to labor in the field. This is universally the case. Slavery makes the female perform all kinds of plantation work. It, in this respect, knows no difference between male and female. Sometimes men do the kitchen, and women the field work.

On New Year's day, slaves are hired for the year begun. For this purpose they are brought to the Court House and sold, (for a year,) to non-slaveholders. And women as well as men are purchased for plantation purposes. Yes, slave women have to grub, chop, make rails, build fence, plow, harvest, and do all such work; and often, as in the foregoing case, they take their babes to the fields or woods with them.

You will be ready to say, this is very hard. It is, indeed, very hard, and what is worse than all, they get nothing for it.—When your parents work they are paid for it, so that they can get you food and clothes—buy good books and send you to school. And as they love you, they take pleasure in laboring for your good—but slave parents can get but little time to be with, or do for their children, though they love them dearly. But I have only just began to tell you the wrongs suffered by the slaves.

The parents are not only compelled to work without pay, so that they cannot buy books for their children, nor send them to school, but their cruel masters have made laws to punish any one for giving them books and teaching them to read. I know it makes you happy to get pretty books, and go to school all the week, to learn to read and write—to study arithmetic, geog-

raphy, grammar, and philosophy—to read good books and useful history to your father and mother, who kindly send you to school; and then, on the Sabbath, go to Sabbath school, and there meet kind teachers to instruct you in the Holy Scriptures, and tell you about God and Jesus Christ, and the way to heaven. The little slave can have no books, or schools, or kind parents, or good teachers. Many of them do not know who made the world, nor who died for sinners. You will be surprised, when I tell you, there were two big men—the slaves of a lawyer in North Carolina, contended about who died for sinners. One said it was Adam, and the other that it was Christ.

Since leaving Carolina, I received a letter from a school teacher, who says, “A little slave comes to the school-house every morning, and sits and plays in the yard till school dismisses in the evening. She would love to teach him, but must not, even the alphabet.” ’Tis cruel to oppress the body; but who can estimate how wicked to imprison the mind in the darkness of ignorance? But this, according to the declaration of the greatest Judge that State ever produced, (Judge Ruffin,) is what slavery is and does in North Carolina. He says, “A slave is one doomed in

his own person, and his posterity, to live without *knowledge*, and without the capacity to make any thing his own, and to toil that another may reap the fruits." Is it any wonder the little slave should complain—

"Who loves the little slave, or cares
If well or ill I be?
Is there a living soul that shares
A thought or wish for me?

I've had no parent since my birth,
Brothers and sisters none.
Oh! what is all this world to me;
When I am only one?

I wake and see the sun arise,
And all around me gay;
But nothing I behold is mine,
No—not the light of day;

No—not the very breath I draw;
These limbs are not my own;
A master calls me his by *law*,
My griefs are mine alone."

My little reader, I hope you love and care for the little slave—that you pray to God every day, that He would deliver him from the hand of the oppressor.

But slaves are not only deprived of the advantages of education, the master, as far as is promotive of his supposed interest, steps between his slaves and the throne of mercy. Unable to read, of course they cannot "search the scriptures." Denied the Bible! And often not allowed to go to

church, even on Sabbath. The women must remain at home to cook. As one of their poets has it,

“The slaves, the Sunday sinners,
Stay at home and cook the dinners.”

Some have to work in the field, and others drive the carriages to meeting, and stay out to attend the horses; and others still, females generally, in the summer, stay out also to take care of their mistress' children. And even those permitted to worship, must sit back by the door, or sit or stand out of doors, where the aged cannot hear what is said; and if they do hear, being kept so ignorant, there is much they cannot understand. Some preachers and their wives, treat their slaves in like manner; as if they had no souls.

St. Clair, a Methodist preacher, when travelling Randolph circuit, took his wife and child with him, also a slave girl, ten or eleven years old, to attend the mother and child. I was credibly informed, this poor little friendless girl must run after the carriage barefoot—that some times its feet would bleed so that it could be tracked in the mud and snow.

It appears exceedingly strange and foolish, for it is so, for professedly good people to permit the slaves to make their bread, cook their victuals, wait on them at the ta-

ble,—coming, as they do, from the heated kitchens—shave the men and dress the women; ride with them in their carriages, as drivers do, (I have seen black men thus seated at the side of white women,) and then, the moment they enter the church, complain that the slaves smell so badly they must not sit on the same seat, though on a different end. *Why* they smell so much worse in church than around the table, I do not know—nor do they. It is pride makes them so foolish; and pride always makes people foolish. I am sure you would laugh to see young women jump, as I have seen them, to get off a seat when a colored person would sit down, even on the other end. Slaves are seldom permitted to join in family devotions. And what is, if possible, worse than all, slaveholders have made a law forbidding the slaves to meet to worship alone: and also forbidding colored people to preach, unless there are white persons in the congregation.

• Don't you think it is hard for the poor slaves to be good? It surely is; but some of them are very pious. A praying slave once came to me, after meeting, and told me he wanted me to stay in that dark land and preach, that he had been praying for such a man as me to come to them, nine years past, and now he felt like saying with

Simeon, when he got the Saviour in his arms, "now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." But when they would be good and do good, they are often prevented by their masters and others. A slave was once praying in meeting, and the preacher placed his hand on his mouth and told him to stop. Another good man, named Order, belonged to Edwards, of Guilford county. Order felt it his duty to go to Africa and preach to his brethren there—his master would not let him go. This slave has been known to rise from his obscure seat, in church, and trembling from head to foot, make his way to his master, who was a member of the Methodist church, and in the presence of preacher and congregation—his face suffused with tears—he has fallen upon his knees before his master, and with uplifted hands, plead with him, for God's sake, and for the sake of Christ, to let him go and tell a Saviour's love to his brethren in heathen lands; but all in vain, he could not go. It is painful to record such incidents of wrong, but I do it that you may know how to pity the poor slave.

You may be desirous of knowing something of the modes of punishment inflicted upon slaves. One mode, is with the

PADDLE. They bore a quantity of holes in a paddle—the slave is stripped of his or her clothes, and sometimes bent over a barrel or box, and the paddle applied with such violence as to cause these holes to break the skin, and the blood to burst through. This bruises their persons; makes them very sore, and is exceedingly painful. The most frequent mode is to tie the victim up by the wrists or thumbs, and apply the instrument of torture, rod, whip, or raw-hide, to the naked back. A Methodist preacher (Lumsden) tied his slave thus, in his barn, whipped him a while, and then prayed for him—or pretended to pray—whipping and praying alternately. I do not know what was the offence.

O. Hulén related the following: A man, one rainy day, suspended his slave man by his arms, to a joice—whipped him with a cow-hide upon his naked back, until his right hand would tire, then used his left hand, at the same time cursing it because he could not use it what he called *better*. Then leaving the slave hanging, he would go into the house; converse and drink with his neighbors, some of whom were present; being rested, he would whip again till weary. This was repeated two or three times. Mr. Hulén said he hoed corn with

the poor sufferer, when his entire back was one continued sore. The offence was using his master's horse, without his permit, to go and see his wife, about ten miles distant.

Another case, of a Mr. Leech tying up his slave woman and whipping her most cruelly, upon her bare back, and then leaving her suspended by her arms. On his return, he found her a lifeless corpse.—The angel of death, more merciful than her tyrant master, set her free. An inquest was held over her lifeless body, and a verdict rendered,—“*Suicide by hanging!*”—That she hung herself;—a thing impossible.

The *kind* and *amount* of punishment are at the disposal of the master.

Mr. Beason, a P. Methodist, who, when he professed religion, felt it his duty to free his slaves, consulted with a preacher Harris, who told him, “to keep his slaves, and if they did not obey him, to whip them like dogs.” Subsequently, Beason became offended at one of his slaves, and was prevented shooting him only by the urgent entreaties of his wife.

A Mr. Bright, related, himself, to my informant, J. K. Loflin, that he once sought the hammer to knock out his slave woman's teeth; not finding it, as she was sit-

ting on the porch, he kicked her in the mouth with the toe of his boot—kicked her over and over again. The offence was impertinent language, or rather, what he considered such. Bright professes to be a praying man. This was in Montgomery county.

Mr. Bright was in the mob that imprisoned me. Conspired with seven men, to meet me, armed with guns, and stop me from going to an appointed meeting. McBride was along. We passed them unharmed.

Another case: A Christian preacher. (there is a sect in N.C. calling themselves Christians,) and his son, beat, abused and pounded a hired slave—tied him on a rail—pitched it about, and bruised his body so that he died in a few days. The only punishment inflicted for the murder of this slave was, that the owner instituted suit in Court for damages in loss of property, which damage was recovered in favor of the owner. This was in Guilford county.

Leech was, doubtless, the murderer of that woman, yet he goes unpunished, and but little said about it. They will, doubtless, come into remembrance in the day of Judgment. And then will the Judge say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it to me."

How appropriate the language of Solomon—"Oppression maketh a wise man mad." It must also displease the Almighty. And if Solomon returned and considered all the oppressions done under the sun, and beheld the tears of them that were oppressed; will not the Righteous Ruler of the world much rather consider and avenge those tears and those oppressions? Who but God can comprehend the magnitude of the slave's wrongs?—

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were the whole world a parchment made,
Were every single stick a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade,
To write the woe poor bondmen know,
Would drain the ocean dry—
Nor could the scroll contain the whole
Though stretched from sky to sky."

Another, and very frequent mode of punishment, is the separation of husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters.

When slaves run off and are returned, or act as HUMAN BEINGS who have rights, and are conscious they should be allowed to exercise those rights, they are sold into the far South. But masters often sell their slaves as we do horses and sheep—to make money. As there are men in the free States, who buy horses, cattle, sheep and hogs, and take them off in droves, so there

are men called slave traders, who buy up droves of men, women, and children, and take them off in droves. It very often happens that the husband is sold from his wife—the wife from her husband—the father from the son—the son from the father—the mother from the daughter, and the daughter from her mother. I need not tell you this makes them feel very badly.—Some people tell us the slaves do not feel as we do, or as we would if we were sold. This, however, is not the case. They feel very sad and sorrowful indeed.

I rode in the stage, in Virginia, once, with a poor woman who was sold and was being taken from her husband. She felt so bad she could hardly speak. I asked her, if she had any children. "One, in heaven," she said. She was glad it was gone—that it could never be sold a slave, as she was. I pitied, but could not help her. She loved her child, and that is the reason she was glad it was dead.

I heard of a man who was sold and chained to a drove. I suppose he was taken from his family, and he was so anxious to get away, he tried to cut off his hands with an axe—cut them badly, but could not get loose. When his master saw what he had done, he kicked and beat him in a most cruel manner.

Another case of a man sold from his wife: He was a Christian, and had heard, by some means, it was wrong to separate husband and wife, whom God had joined together. When sold, he plead with his purchaser to buy his wife, but he would not. The poor husband begged as for life; but all in vain. He told them he could not, and he would not be taken from his wife—ran off and lived in the woods six months—finally, he was pursued and, like an affrighted deer, fled to the Yadkin river, in the midst of which he was caught. He was taken to the distant South, but not without his wife. Don't you think this slave loved his wife? Some even go crazy when parted from their families, and others kill themselves. Yet, some are so cruel as to say they do not feel like white people. I once asked a little slave, about nine years old, if he would not like to go and live with me. He answered, no. I told him I would be good to him. He said he would go if I would take his mother. But wont you go and leave your mother? I'll get you candy, raisins, and a great many good things, and you shall ride in my buggy. "I'll not go," said he, "without mother." And he said it in such a way, as to make me feel he loved his mother as much as any white child. There are some, it is true, who have

very bad masters, are willing to be sold, hoping to get better. I was told of a case of this kind. It was on this wise :

You remember I told you of a preacher, Lumsden, who tied up and whipped his slave in the barn, whipping and praying, or pretending to pray. Lumsden hired one of his slaves, a girl, to Peter Douch, a Presiding Elder. For some offence, real or supposed, P. D. attempted to whip the girl. She refused to be punished. D's son was called to assist him. As both failed, a Mr. Carson, the negro whipper of the town, (Greensboro.) undertook it. The girl threw him down so as to hurt him badly—lamed him, but not for life. The girl was then sold to a speculator, whereupon she expressed herself highly gratified,—“that Lumsden and Douch were the worst men she ever saw.”

A gang of negroes, as they are called, is no uncommon sight in North Carolina. I have seen several droves in a day. They usually number from fifty to one hundred, composed of men, women and children. Not only are different ages and sexes to be seen, but different complexions—for masters often sell those who are both their slaves and children. I remember of seeing a drove, I shall not forget it while memory lasts. It was composed of males and

females, old and young. In front were two provision wagons, each drawn by two horses; next was a carriage in which were the speculator and a young negress, well dressed, and kept for his own wicked purposes; then followed on foot, men and women, singing that beautiful hymn, composed by Mr. Wesley—

“When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home.
My God, my Heaven, my all.”

How appropriate the language! Against whose souls has earth engaged so determinately as against the poor slaves? At whom are more fiery darts hurled than at the slaves? Upon whom does the world frown more than upon the slaves? Or, who can more truthfully say, that God and Heaven is their *all*? Nothing on earth can they call their own. No homes nor friends have they on earth; no hand of friendship on which to rest their aching head—no wakeful eye of love to watch by

their uncouth couch, while wasting sickness binds them there—no friend to shed a tear when they are gone.

“Society, friendship and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,”

Are all denied them. But away behind, weary and disheartened, unable to keep up, the little boys and girls followed. My heart bled within me at what my eyes beheld ; and I felt like saying, “ Oh, that my head were waters, and my eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain sons and daughters ” of bleeding Africa. I could but think how many Rachels were weeping for their children, because they were not—free nor dead.—They may be weary and faint, hungry or sick, and those who love them know it not. But—

“Unsheltered from the burning rays,
The panting bondman lies ;
Toil and the scourge cut short his days,
He sinks : he faints ; he dies !

No wife’s ; no mother’s hand is there,
To close his failing eyes ;
Unsooth’d by Friendship’s tender care,
The wretched bondman dies ! ”

Now, children, don’t you think slavery is a horrible thing ? Don’t you pity the poor slave ? Won’t you plead his cause with your parents and associates ? I hope you will, and that you will pray to God that they may be free ; and like you, be blessed with affectionate, intelligent and pious parents and teachers—be permitted to go to school, day and Sabbath—learn to read,

and have the Bible to read—be allowed to live with, and pray in, their families—go to Church and enjoy all the blessings our heavenly Father has given you, to make you good and happy.—If you do, God will love and bless you while you live, and take you to heaven when you die.

THE KIDNAPPING OF PETER IRONS.

BY REV. E. SMITH.

In the Conference year of 1821 and 1822, the writer travelled the Patoka circuit, embracing the counties of Gibson, Posey, Vanderburgh, and Warick, in the State of Indiana. These counties included the Western portion of the State. Patoka circuit then belonged to the Missouri Conference. On that circuit I became acquainted with PETER IRONS, a mulatto man, who had been the slave of a Mr. Irons, of Kentucky, by whom he had been freed. He lived, at that time, with Mr. Irons' widow, of his former master; who then lived in the bounds of Patoka circuit. Peter and his old mistress were both members of the M. E. Church. Peter was highly esteemed, as a Christian—was intelligent and gifted—a man of more than ordinary physical power.

Peter had charge of Mrs. Irons' business. She lived on a farm, which he cultivated for her. He had a wife and several children, the number not remembered at this distance of time. His wife lived with a Dr. Mattox, who joined farms with Mrs. Irons; their houses were not more than thirty or forty rods apart; so that he was with his family every night, and in Mrs. Irons' business through the day.

Several attempts had been made to kidnap Peter, and his family, and run them into a slave State and sell them; but his strength and activity secured his deliverance. Mrs. Irons advised Peter to go to Princeton to live, where there were more persons to protect him, lest he should be overcome, and he, and his family carried into slavery. About this time several free colored persons had been kidnapped, and taken to Red River, in Arkansas territory. She was very loath to part with Peter, as she knew him, and he understood her business, and felt a deep interest in every thing connected with his former mistress. But having been consenting to the freedom of Peter, and his family, she would make any sacrifice to prevent him and them being again slaves. Peter yielded to her entreaties, and obtained a situation with a Col. Evans, in Princeton, the county site

of Gibson county. Dr. Mattox was a near relative of Mrs. Irons; perhaps a brother. This is the impression now on the writer's mind; though the particular relationship is not now distinctly recollected. He had married a widow Warrick. This woman had two sons by Mr. Warrick, John and Andrew. John was a tanner and lived in Princeton, where he had an aunt, a Mrs. Brown, sister to his father. She was a woman of a lion heart and gigantic strength. I have never seen her like. The Warrick family were from the Allegheny mountains of Virginia; they were a giant race; but Mrs. Brown was noted for her great heart, and strength, above all her kindred. She was at least fifty years of age, when I knew her; I have never been acquainted with any woman that could perform half the business she did.

Andrew Warrick lived with his step-father, Dr. Mattox—was about eighteen. The brothers were large and strong young men.

The Warricks were the fast friends of Peter Irons; and Dr. Mattox professed to be. Mrs. Brown took a deep interest in keeping Peter and his family out of the hands of the kidnappers. When Peter left Princeton to go for his family, John Warrick and "*aunt Polly Brown*,"—for that was

the name by which she was known all through that country—procured a gun for Peter. John loaded it, and charged him to shoot any person who dared to molest him. Little did they dream of what use would be made of that gun, and that load.

Thus equipt, Peter left Princeton for his family, a distance of twelve or fifteen miles. He loaded his goods on a waggon, and started for his new home in Princeton. About eight or ten miles from Princeton the road led through a wood of one or two miles in width. Here he was met by Dr. Mattox, and several other persons with him, among whom was Andrew Warrick. Mattox demanded Peter to surrender, for he should go no further, and then and there let Peter know that he intended to enslave him. Peter attempted to make his escape by flight; intending to give the alarm, secure aid, and by that means obtain the release of his family. This he could do, as they were nearly thirty miles from the Ohio river. He was pursued by Dr. Mattox and Andrew Warrick, both on horseback, and was soon overtaken. He then turned to defend himself, intending to give the contents of his gun to the Dr., but young Warrick spurred his horse between Peter and the Dr., and with a club was about to fell Peter to the ground, when he

aimed his gun at Andrew's heart. Warrick struck the gun, and elevated it a little, just as Peter fired; the whole load passed through the upper portion of the left lung, tearing the breast in a shocking manner. Young Warrick fell from his horse, and as he fell caught hold of a dogwood bush, about two inches in diameter, swung round it and fell dead. His death grasp was so severe that the loose bark was torn off with his hand, so as to exhibit a smooth place, where his hand caught. I saw the smooth ring made by his dying hand.

The death of Young Warrick did not stop the pursuit; Peter was pursued further; he fought like a wild beast; but overpowered by numbers, he was taken, but not until he was cut and bruised as I never saw any other man. He was then brought to Princeton, and lodged in jail, to await his trial for murder. His wife and children left to take care of themselves as best they could.

When Peter was brought to Princeton; and John Warrick and "aunt Polly Brown" learned the use that had been made of the gun they furnished Peter with, they raised such an excitement as had never been witnessed by the oldest living in that country. They declared that Peter should die, and if the Court should acquit him, they

would shoot him dead before he could get out of the court house.

The jail of Gibson county, of which Princeton was the site of justice, was judged insufficient to hold Peter, and he was removed to Vincennes for safe keeping. I visited him in the Vincennes' prison. He was much depressed in spirits, much afflicted with the fact that he had taken human life; dwelt on the scripture, "no murderer hath eternal life in him;" did not know but every taking of human life was murder, and that he was therefore a murderer, for he had taken human life. He said he had no intention to kill Andrew Warrick; but had made up his mind to kill Dr. Mattox; but was compelled to shoot Warrick in self-defence. And regretted deeply the necessity; said he would not regret the act so much if he had killed Mattox.

I gave him such instructions as I judged suited to his case; prayed with, and for him, and bade him farewell. I have not seen him since.

While Peter was in prison, his wife and children were run into the South and sold for slaves. Peter employed a lawyer to pursue them, and agreed to serve him three years, if he would recover his family, and bring them back to him. I never

learned whether he recovered his family or not. He was deeply afflicted for the loss of his family; the strong man wept, as he lay in irons, in his prison, while he told me of the loss of his family. He spoke of his life being of little use to him, if he should be acquitted, and seemed ready to curse the day he was born, and like Job, to have it blotted from the calendar of time.

His trial came on, and some Eastern people, who live some ten miles from Princeton, hearing of the threats of John War-
rick and aunt Polly Brown, attended court with loaded guns, avowing their purpose to protect Peter, if acquitted, as all expected he would be. He was acquitted, and all went off quietly.

But when at liberty, he found himself robbed of all he loved; with no one to love, or live for. Wife and children gone, he knew not where; used he knew not how; an obligation resting on him to toil for years for their recovery. This, all this was brought upon him for his crime. He was a Christian in the estimation of all that knew him. But he was a colored man; he had the complexion his Maker gave him, and this could be no crime. And all this was brought upon him in a free State. Will not a just and holy God punish for these things? Think of that lonely man

—every loved one torn from his heart; a whirlwind of desolation having swept through his affections, and left them torn and dying, scattered in wide-spread desolation.

What had Peter Irons done that he should be so treated? What? Echo answers, what? He was a colored man. This was not his crime. If a crime at all, it was the crime of the Great Creator. None will dare to assert this. He was a man and a Christian. And yet he was robbed of wife and children; and every throb of his heart convulsed with anguish, for no reason but that his skin was not so fair as the skins of those among whom he lived. For this, and this alone, all these calamities were brought upon him. Think you, readers, was this right? Would it be right to run you and your mothers into some far off country, and sell you for slaves, where you would never see or hear from your father again; much less see him and feel his kind hand smoothing your heads? And you and your mothers there separated, and whipped to your unpaid tasks of toil, naked and hungry; where you would have no one to love you, or teach you in Sabbath or other Schools? No Church to hear preaching on the Sabbath day, nor minister to love you and teach you the way to

Heaven ? Oh, think how wicked it was to send Peter's wife, and his little boys and girls, into slavery, where they were thus treated !

But, you are ready to inquire, what was done with Dr. Mattox ? Nothing ! Nothing!! He was never prosecuted for attempting to kidnap Peter ; and, though all believed he had kidnapped Peter's wife and children, there was no proof of it, and he could not be called to an account. All this was done in a free State.

The cause of all this crying oppression and injustice was produced by slavery. It had so long wronged and oppressed the colored race, that the people had ceased to look upon them as human beings, or as having human rights. And this is the case yet. Slavery has educated the community to look upon colored people, as a kind of human beings who have not the rights common to humanity. It has hardened the hearts of a majority of the American people, until they do not feel that the wrongs committed on the colored race are committed against man. Had a white man been treated as Peter Irons was, the whole community would have been convulsed with excitement, and summary punishment would have been inflicted on Dr. Mattox, and his accomplices. Time would not

have been given for the dilatory process of the law to have meted out to him the reward of his crime. And this is the case in thousands of instances, in which wrongs are done to colored people. Outrages are committed, almost daily, even in free States, and hourly in slave States; outrages, which, if committed on white persons, would cause every heart in the community to throb with immense pulsations, but which now produce no emotion in the bosom of society; yet God, who "made all nations of one blood," is no respecter of persons; in His sight all are equal, and He is as much displeased when these things are done to colored people, as when they are done to white.

The system of slavery must be very wicked, because it makes the community feel and act so much unlike God; and all those who give it countenance or support, must grieve the tender-hearted Saviour. Be careful, reader, not to go with the multitude to do evil; and be sure you never take sides with the oppressors of the poor. God regards what is done to his poor as done to Him.

SALE OF A FAMILY OF SLVES

IN WASHINGTON CITY.

Slaves are people held as property. They are bought and sold, as if they were cows or horses. Some of them are black, some yellow, and some white. In Washington city, where the President of the United States resides, where Congress meets, and the great men of the nation resort, there has been in times past one of the greatest slave markets in the world. One specimen of the sales of families in that city will now be given. It was a young man, his wife and babe. They were placed on an elevated platform, that the bidders might see if they were healthy and sound. This family expected to be all sold to one man; and did not, at first, manifest so much feeling as might be expected.

The auctioneer began with the husband, and he was sold. He next began to cry off the wife; several men bid for her, but the purchaser of her husband was not one of them. Intense anguish and suffering was exhibited in the countenance of the hap-

less pair. She was sold to a person, and forever separated from her husband. The big tears rolled down their sable cheeks, and fell in great drops at their feet. Sadness and despair was evidently flowing from the deepest recesses of their souls. Last of all the babe was sold, and to a third person. The cold-hearted wretch came forward to seize his prey. The babe threw its little arms around its mother's neck, and closely clung to her; the mother held it with the grasp of despair and death; her agonizing shrieks pierced the skies, as the clinging child was torn from her bosom.—The little boys of Washington city had become so hardened at such scenes of cruelty, that they made sport of this bereaved and shrieking mother. Now, children, how would you feel, if your father and mother were thus sold from each other, and you sold from them? 'You should remember them that are in bonds as bound with them.'

The poor black children feel just as you would do, if you were sold from your parents to see them no more. Black fathers and mothers love their children, just as ardently as your white fathers and mothers love you. Black husbands and wives love each other just as white husbands and wives do; therefore it is just as wicked to

make black people slaves, as it would be to make slaves of white people.

Now I will tell you what a black mother did. She was a very black woman and a slave. She first sent her husband to Canada, a place to which a great many slaves run for freedom. After the husband had escaped to the land of liberty, this black mother took her babe in her arms, in the dark of night, and in a skiff crossed the great river Ohio into a free State. She came to the house of a gentleman, and knocked at his door in the night. He arose from his bed, opened the door, and saw the poor slave mother with her babe in her arms. He was moved with compassion for her. "Don't be afraid," said he, "I am an abolitionist, but I have never come out, yet; I'll help you." This poor black mother had to travel in the *night* three hundred miles, and carry her babe in her arms.— This she had to do to escape the slave-catchers, a horrible class of men, who catch slaves for money, and return them to their enraged masters to be cruelly whipped, sold, and driven to the South to labor under the lash of brutal overseers to the end of life. Many kind people in Ohio helped this poor mother, and she got safely to Canada, and there met her husband, and their meeting in a land of freedom after so

much toil and danger was most joyful.— They labored together and procured a good farm, on which to live. This mother had left six children in slavery. After four years she traveled more than three hundred miles back to get her children. She went into Kentucky, and lay concealed in her old master's garden a whole day in order to see her children. At night she took away four of them and a little grand-child. Two of them she could not get, because they slept in the room in which the master and mistress had their bed. Daylight came before she could get over the river. Now she was obliged to hide with her four children and an infant grand-child in a field of green corn, and had nothing to eat but the ears of green corn. The field was near a town in which many bad people lived, and having an infant child that might cry aloud, she was in great danger of being discovered and taken. The Lord preserved her in this time of distress. The next night she got over to the house of a good man who lived on the bank of the river, who took her in and concealed her and the children during the day. At night she started upon her long and dark journey to Canada. Many good people in Ohio helped her on her way, and by their instrumentality the Lord preserved her from the

slave-catchers, and she arrived safely again in Canada. Two of her younger children are still in slavery. A young man followed her into Canada, hoping to get her children. The colored people assembled to kill him, but she dissuaded them from their purpose. She treated him kindly, and sent him away in peace. She returned him good for evil, as her Saviour taught her to do. Now this mother had a black skin, but she had a white heart and a noble soul. And the Lord will bless those good people in Ohio, who helped her to escape with her children from the cruel slave-catchers. This, children, is a true narrative of what this mother really did, and it shows that the black mother loves her children, just as much as the white mother does. It shows how cruel slavery is, and how much black people will do to be free and to have their children free.

Children you should believe in the Saviour, and love him. He loves and pities all the poor, both black and white and does them good. You should be like him, and do as he does.

CITY SLAVERY.

BY ANGELINA GRIMKE WELD.

Mrs. Weld is the youngest daughter of the late Judge Grimke, of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, and a sister of the late Hon. Thomas S. Grimke, of Charleston.

FORT LEE, Bergen Co., New Jersey,
Fourth month 6th, 1839.

I sit down to comply with thy request, preferred in the name of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The responsibility laid upon me by such a request, leaves me no option. While I live, and slavery lives, I *must* testify against it. If I should hold my peace "the stone would cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber would answer it." But though I feel a necessity upon me, and "a woe unto me," if I withhold my testimony, I give it with a heavy heart.

My flesh crieth out, "if it be possible, let *this* cup pass from me;" but, "Father, *thy* will be done," is, I trust, the breathing of my spirit. Oh, the slain of the daughter of my people! they lie in all the ways; their tears fall as the rain, and are their meat day and night; their blood runneth down like water; their plundered hearts are desolate: they weep for their husbands and children, because they are not; and the proud waves do continually go over them while no eye pitieth, and no man careth for their souls.

But it is not alone for the sake of my poor brothers and sisters in bonds, or for the cause of truth, and righteousness, and humanity, that I testify, the deep yearnings of affection for the mother that bore me, who is still a slaveholder, both in fact and in heart; for my brother and sisters, (a large family circle,) and for my numerous other slaveholding kindred in South Carolina, constrain me to speak: for even were slavery no curse to its victims, the exercise of arbitrary power works such fearful ruin upon the hearts of *slaveholders*, that I should feel impelled to labor and pray for its overthrow with my last energies and latest breath.

I think it important to premise, that I have seen almost nothing of slavery on

plantations. My testimony will have respect exclusively to the "*house-servants*," and chiefly those belonging to the first families in the city of Charleston, both in the religious and in the fashionable world. And here let me say, that the treatment of *plantation* slaves cannot be fully known, except by the poor sufferers themselves, and their drivers and overseers. In a multitude of instances, even the master can know very little of the actual condition of his own field-slaves, and his wife and daughters far less. A few facts concerning my own family will show this. Our permanent residence was in Charleston; our country-seat (Bellemont,) was 200 miles distant, in the north-western part of the state; where, for some years, our family spent a few months annually. Our *plantation* was three miles from this family mansion. There, all field-slaves lived and worked. Occasionally, once a month, perhaps, some of the family would ride over to the plantation, but I never visited the *fields where the slaves were at work*, and knew almost nothing of their condition; but this I do know, that the overseers who had charge of them, were generally unprincipled and intemperate men. But I rejoice to know, that the general treatment of slaves in that region of country, was far

milder than on the plantations in the lower country.

Throughout all the eastern and middle portions of the state, the planters very rarely reside permanently on their plantations. They have almost invariably *two* residences, and spend less than half the year on their estates. Even while spending a few months on them, politics, field-sports, races, speculations, journeys, visits company, literary pursuits, &c., absorb so much of their time, that they must, to a considerable extent, take the condition of their slaves on *trust*, from the reports of their overseers. I make this statement, because these slaveholders (the wealthier class,) are, I believe, almost the only ones who visit the north with their families;—and northern opinions of slavery are based chiefly on their testimony.

But not to dwell on preliminaries, I wish to record my testimony to the faithfulness and accuracy with which my beloved sister, Sarah M. Grimke, has, in her 'narrative and testimony,' on a preceding page, described the condition of the slaves, and the effect upon the hearts of slaveholders (even the best,) caused by the exercise of unlimited power over moral agents. Of the *particular acts* which she has stated, I have no personal knowledge, as they oc-

curred before my remembrance ; but of the spirit that prompted them, and that constantly displays itself in scenes of similar horror, the recollections of my childhood, and the effaceless imprint upon my riper years, with the breaking of my heart-strings, when finding that I was powerless to shield the victims, I tore myself from my home and friends, and became an exile among strangers—all these throng around me as witnesses, and their testimony is graven on my memory with a pen of fire.

Why I did not become totally hardened, under the daily operation of this system, God only knows, in deep solemnity and gratitude, I say, it was the *Lord's* doing, and marvellous in mine eyes. Even before my heart was touched with the love of Christ, I used to say, "Oh that I had the wings of a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest ;" for I felt that there could be no rest for me in the midst of such outrages and pollutions. And yet I saw *nothing* of slavery in its most vulgar and repulsive forms. I saw it in the *city*, among the fashionable and the honorable, where it was garnished by refinement, and decked out for show. A few *facts* will unfold the state of society in the circle with which I was familiar, far better than any general assertions I can make.

I will first introduce the reader to a woman of the highest respectability — one who was foremost in every benevolent enterprise, and stood for many years, I may say, at the *head* of the fashionable elite of the city of Charleston, and afterwards at the head of the moral and religious female society there. It was after she had made a profession of religion, and retired from the fashionable world, that I knew her, therefore I will present her in her religious character. This lady used to keep cow-hides, or small paddles, (called ‘pancake sticks,’) in four different apartments in her house; so that when she wished to punish, or to have punished, any of her slaves, she might not have the trouble of sending for an instrument of torture. For many years, one or other, and *often* more of her slaves, were flogged *every day*; particularly the young slaves about the house, whose faces were slapped, or their hands beat with the ‘pancake stick,’ for every trifling offence—and often for no fault at all. But the floggings were not all; the scoldings and abuse daily heaped upon them all, were worse: ‘fools’ and ‘liars,’ ‘sluts’ and ‘husseys,’ ‘hypocrites’ and ‘good-for-nothing creatures,’ were the *common* epithets with which her mouth was filled, when addressing her slaves, adults.

as well as children. Very often she would take a position at her window, in an upper story, and scold at her slaves while working in the garden, at some distance from the house, (a large yard intervening,) and occasionally order a flogging. I have known her thus on the watch, scolding for more than an hour at a time, in so loud a voice that the whole neighborhood could hear her; and this without the least apparent feeling of shame. Indeed, it was *no disgrace among slaveholders*, and did not in the least injure her standing, either as a lady or a Christian, in the aristocratic circle in which she moved. After the 'revival' in Charleston, in 1825, she opened her house to social prayer-meetings. The room in which they were held in the evening, and where the voice of prayer was heard around the family altar, and where she herself retired for private devotion thrice each day, was the very place in which, when the slaves were to be whipped with the cowhide, they were taken to receive the infliction; and the wail of the sufferer would be heard where, perhaps only a few hours previous, rose the voices of prayer and praise.—The mistress would occasionally send her slaves, male and female, to the Charleston work-house to be punished. One poor girl, whom she sent there to be flogged, and

who was accordingly stripped *naked* and whipped, showed me the deep gashes on her back—I might have laid my whole finger in them—*large pieces of flesh had actually been cut out by the torturing lash.* She sent another female slave there, to be imprisoned and worked on the tread-mill. This girl was confined several days, and forced to work the mill while in a state of suffering from another cause. For ten days or two weeks after her return, she was lame, from the violent exertion necessary to enable her to keep the step on the machine. She spoke to me with intense feeling of this outrage upon her, as a *woman*. Her menservants were sometimes flogged there; and so exceedingly offensive has been the putrid flesh of their lacerated backs, for days after the infliction, that they would be kept out of the house—the smell arising from their wounds being too horrible to be endured. They were always stiff and sore for some days, and not in a condition to be seen by visitors.

This professedly Christian woman was a most awful illustration of the ruinous influence of arbitrary power upon the temper—her bursts of passion upon the heads of her victims were dreaded even by her own children, and very often, all the pleasure of social intercourse around the do-

mestic board, was destroyed by her ordering the cook into her presence, and storming at him, when the dinner or breakfast was not prepared to her taste, and in the presence of all her children, commanding the waiter to slap his face. *Fault-finding*, was with her the constant accompaniment of every meal, and banished that peace which should hover around the social board, and smile on every face. It was common for her to order brothers to whip their own sisters, and sisters their own brothers, and yet no woman visited among the poor more than she did, or gave more liberally to relieve their wants. This may seem perfectly unaccountable to a northerner, but these seeming contradictions vanish when we consider that over *them* she possessed no arbitrary power, they were always presented to her mind as unfortunate sufferers, towards whom her sympathies most freely flowed; she was ever ready to wipe the tears from *their* eyes, and open wide her purse for *their* relief, but the others were her *vassals*, thrust down by public opinion beneath her feet, to be at her beck and call, ever ready to serve in all humility, her, whom God in his providence had set over them—it was their *duty* to abide in abject submission, and hers to *compel* them to do so—it was thus that she reasoned. Except at

family prayers, none were permitted to sit in her presence, but the seamstresses and the waiting maids, and they, however delicate might be their circumstances, were forced to sit upon low stools, without backs, that they might be constantly reminded of their inferiority. A slave who waited in the house, was guilty on a particular occasion of going to visit his wife, and kept dinner waiting a little, (his wife was the slave of a lady who lived at a little distance.) When the family sat down to the table, the mistress began to scold the waiter for the offence—he attempted to excuse himself; she ordered him to hold his tongue; he ventured another apology; her son then rose from the table in a rage, and beat the face and ears of the waiter so dreadfully that the blood gushed from his mouth, and nose, and ears. This mistress was a *professor of religion*; her daughter who related the circumstance, was a *fellow member* of the Presbyterian church *with the poor outraged slave*—instead of feeling indignation at this outrageous abuse of her brother in the church, she justified the deed, and said “he got just what he deserved.” I solemnly believe this to be a true picture of *slaveholding religion*.

The following is another illustration of it:

A mistress in Charleston sent a grey headed female slave to the workhouse, and had her severely flogged. The poor old woman went to an acquaintance of mine and begged her to buy her, and told her how cruelly she had been whipped. My friend examined her *lacerated back*, and out of compassion did purchase her. The circumstance was mentioned to one of the former owner's relatives, who asked her if it were true. The mistress told her it was, and said that she had made the severe whipping of this aged woman a *subject of prayer*, and that she believed she had done right to have it inflicted upon her. The last 'owner' of the poor old slave said she had no fault to find with her as a servant.

I remember very well that when I was a child, our next door neighbor whipped a young woman so brutally, that in order to escape his blows she rushed through the drawing-room window in the second story, and fell upon the street pavement below and broke her hip. This circumstance produced no excitement or inquiry.

The following circumstance occurred in Charleston, in 1828:

A slaveholder, after flogging a little girl about thirteen years old, set her on a table with her feet fastened in a pair of stocks.

He then locked the door and took out the key. When the door was opened she was found dead, having fallen from the table. When I asked a prominent lawyer, who belonged to one of the first families in the State, whether the murderer of this helpless child could not be indicted, he coolly replied, that the slave was Mr.——'s property, and if he chose to suffer *loss*, no one else had any thing to do with it. The loss of *human life*, the distress of the parents and other relatives of the little girl, seemed utterly out of his thoughts : it was the loss of *property* only that presented itself to his mind.

I knew a gentleman of great benevolence and generosity of character, so essentially to injure the eye of a little boy, about ten years old; as to destroy its sight, by the blow of a cowhide, inflicted whilst he was whipping him. I have heard the same individual speak of "breaking down the spirit of a slave under the lash" as perfectly right.

I also know that an aged slave of his, (by marriage,) was allowed to get a scanty and precarious subsistence, by begging in the streets of Charleston—he was too old to work, and therefore *his allowance was stopped*, and he was turned out to make his living by begging.

When I was about thirteen years old, I attended a seminary, in Charleston, which was superintended by a man and his wife of superior education. They had under their instruction the daughters of nearly all the aristocracy. Their cruelty to their slaves, both male and female, I never, never can forget. I remember one day there was called into the school room to open a window, a boy whose head had been shaved in order to disgrace him, and he had been so dreadfully whipped that he could hardly walk. So horrible was the impression produced upon my mind by his heart-broken countenance and crippled person that I fainted away. The sad and ghastly countenance of one of their female mulatto slaves who used to sit on a low stool at her sewing in the piazza, is now fresh before me. She often told me, secretly, how cruelly she was whipped when they sent her to the work house. I had known so much of the terrible scourgings inflicted in that house of blood, that when I was once obliged to pass it, the very sight smote me with such horror that my limbs could hardly sustain me. I felt as if I was passing the precincts of hell. A friend of mine who lived in the neighborhood, told me she often heard the screams of the slaves under their torture.

I once heard a physician of a high family, and of great respectability in his profession, say, that when he sent his slaves to the work house to be flogged, he always went to *see* it done, that he may be sure they were properly, that is *severely* whipped. He also related the following circumstance in my presence : He had sent a youth of about eighteen to this horrible place to be whipped and *afterwards* to be worked upon the tread-mill. From not keeping the step, which probably he COULD NOT do, in consequence of the lacerated state of his body; his arm got terribly torn, from the shoulder to the wrist. This physician said, he went every day to attend to it himself, in order that he might use those restoratives, which *would inflict the greatest possible pain*. This poor boy, after being imprisoned there for some weeks, was then brought home, and compelled to wear iron clogs on his ankles for one or two months. I saw him with those irons on one day when I was at the house. This man was, when young, remarkable in the fashionable world for his elegant and fascinating manners, but the exercise of the slaveholder's power has thrown the fierce air of tyranny even over these. I heard another man of equally high standing say, that he believed he suffered far more than his waiter did, when-

ever he flogged him, for he felt the *exertion* for days afterward; but he could not let his servant go on in the neglect of his business, it was *his duty* to chastise him. "His duty" to flog this boy of seventeen so severely that he felt the *exertion* for days after!—and yet he never felt it to be his duty to instruct him, or have him instructed, even in the common principles of morality. I heard the mother of this man say, it would be no surprise to her, if he killed a slave some day, for, that, when transported with passion he did not seem to care what he did. He once broke a *large* stick over the back of a slave, and at another time the ivory butt-end of a large coach whip over the *head* of another. This last was attacked with epileptic fits some months after, and has ever since been subject to them, and occasionally to violent fits of insanity.

Southern mistresses sometimes flog their slaves themselves, though generally one slave is compelled to flog another. Whilst staying at a friend's house some years ago, I one day saw the mistress with a cowhide in her hand, and heard her scolding in an under tone, her waiting man, who was about twenty-five years old. Whether she actually inflicted the blows I do not know, for I hastened out of sight and hearing. It was not the first time I had seen

a mistress thus engaged. I knew she was a cruel mistress, and had heard her daughters disputing, whether their mother did right or wrong, to send the poor slave *children*, (whom she sent out to sweep chimneys) to the work house to be whipped if they did not bring in their wages regularly. This woman moved in the most fashionable circle in Charleston. The income of this family was derived mostly from the hire of their slaves, about one hundred in number. Their luxuries were blood-bought luxuries indeed. And yet what stranger would ever have inferred their cruelties from the courteous reception and bland manners of the parlor.—Every thing cruel and revolting is carefully concealed from strangers, especially those from the north. Take an instance. I have known the master and mistress of a family send to their friends to *borrow* servants to wait on company, because their own slaves had been so cruelly flogged in the work house, they could not walk without limping at every step, and their putrid flesh emitted such an intolerable smell that they were not fit to be in the presence of company. How can northerners know these things when they are hospitably received at southern tables and firesides. I repeat it, no one who has not been an *in-*

tegral part of a slaveholding community, can have any idea of its abominations.—It is a whited sepulchre full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. Blessed be God, the Angel of *Truth* has descended and rolled away the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre, and *sits* upon it. The abominations so long hidden are now brought forth before all Israel and the sun. Yes, the Angel of Truth *sits upon this stone*, and it can never be rolled back again.

The utter disregard of the comfort of the slaves, in *little* things, can scarcely be conceived by those who have not been a *component part* of slaveholding communities. Take a few particulars out of hundreds that might be named. In South Carolina musketoes swarm in myriads, more than half the year—they are so excessively annoying at night, that no family thinks of sleeping without nets or “musketoe-bars” hung over their bedsteads, yet slaves are never provided with them, unless it be the favorite old domestics who get the cast-off pavillions; and yet these very masters and mistresses will be so kind to their *horses* as to provide them with *fly nets*.—Bedsteads and bedding too, are rarely provided for any of the slaves—if the waiters and coachmen, waiting-maids, cooks, washers, &c., have beds at all, they must

generally get them for themselves. Commonly they lie down at night on the bare floor, with a small blanket wrapped round them in winter, and in summer a coarse osnaburg sheet, or nothing. Old slaves generally have beds, but it is because when younger *they have provided them for themselves.*

Only two meals a day are allowed the house slaves—the *first at twelve* o'clock.—If they eat before this time, it is by stealth, and I am sure there must be a good deal of suffering among them from *hunger*, and particularly by children. Besides this, they are often kept from their meals by way of punishment. No table is provided for them to eat from. They know nothing of the comfort and pleasure of gathering round the social board—each takes his plate or tin pan and iron spoon and holds it in the hand or on the lap. I *never* saw slaves seated round a *table* to partake of any meal.

As the general rule, no lights of any kind, no firewood—no towels, basins, or soap, no tables, chairs, or other furniture, are provided. Wood for cooking and washing *for the family* is found, but when the master's work is done, the slave must find wood for himself if he has a fire. I have repeatedly known slave children kept the

whole winter's evening, sitting on the staircase in a cold entry, just to be at hand to snuff candles or hand a tumbler of water from the side-board, or go on errands from one room to another. It may be asked why they were not permitted to stay in the parlor, when they would be still more at hand. I answer, because waiters are not allowed to *sit* in the presence of their owners, and as children who were kept running all day, would of course get very tired of standing for two or three hours, they were allowed to go into the entry and sit on the staircase until rung for. Another reason is, that even slaveholders at times find the presence of slaves very annoying; they cannot exercise entire freedom of speech before them on all subjects.

I have also known instances where seamstresses were kept in cold entries to work by the staircase lamps for one or two hours, every evening in winter—they could not see without standing up all the time, though the work was often too large and heavy for them to sew upon it in that position without great inconvenience, and yet they were expected to do their work as *well* with their cold fingers, and standing up, as if they had been sitting by a comfortable fire and provided with the necessary light. House slaves suffer a great deal also from

not being allowed to leave the house without permission. If they wish to go even for a draught of water, they must *ask leave*, and if they stay longer than the mistress thinks necessary, they are liable to be punished, and often are scolded or slapped, or kept from going down to the next meal.

It frequently happens that relatives, among slaves, are separated for weeks or months, by the husband or brother being taken by the master on a journey, to attend on his horses and himself. When they return, the white husband seeks the wife of his love; but the black husband must wait to see *his* wife, until mistress pleases to let her chambermaid leave her room. Yes, such is the despotism of slavery, that wives and sisters dare not run to meet their husbands and brothers after such separations, and hours sometimes elapse before they are allowed to meet;—and, at times, a fiendish pleasure is taken in keeping them asunder—this furnishes an opportunity to vent feelings of spite for any little neglect of “duty.”

The sufferings to which slaves are subjected by separations of various kinds, cannot be imagined by those unacquainted with the working out of the system behind the curtains. Take the following instances.

Chambermaids and seamstresses often sleep in their mistresses' apartments, but with no bedding at all. I know an instance of a woman who has been married eleven years, and has never been allowed to sleep out of her mistress's chamber. This is a *great* hardship to slaves. When we consider that house slaves are rarely allowed social intercourse during the day as their work generally separates them; the barbarity of such an arrangement is obvious. It is peculiarly a hardship in the above case, as the husband of the woman does not "belong" to her "owner;" and because he is subject to dreadful attacks of illness, and can have but little attention from his wife in the day. And yet her mistress, who is an old lady, gives her the highest character as a faithful servant, and told a friend of mine, that she was "entirely dependent upon her for all her comforts; she dressed and undressed her, gave her all her food, and was so necessary to her that she could not do without her." I may add, that this couple are tenderly attached to each other.

I also know an instance in which the husband was a slave and the wife was free: during the illness of the former, the latter was allowed to come and nurse him; she was obliged to leave the work by which

she had made a living, and come to stay with her husband, and thus lost weeks of her time, or he would have suffered for want of proper attention; and yet his "owner" made her no compensation for her services. He had long been a faithful and a favorite slave, and his owner was a woman very benevolent to the poor whites. She went a great deal among these, as a visiting commissioner of the Ladies' Benevolent Society, and was in the constant habit of paying the relatives of the poor whites for nursing their husbands, fathers, and other relations; because she thought it very hard, when their time was taken up, so that they could not earn their daily bread, that they should be left to suffer. Now, such is the stupifying influence of the "chattle principle" on the minds of the slaveholders, that I do not suppose it ever occurred to her that this poor *colored* wife ought to be paid for her services, and particularly as she was spending her time and strength in taking care of her "*property*." She no doubt only thought how kind she was, to allow her to come and stay so long in her yard; for, let it be kept in mind, that slaveholders have unlimited power to separate husbands and wives, parents and children, however - and whenever they please; and if this mistress had chosen to

do it, she could have debarred this woman from all intercourse with her husband, by forbidding her to enter her premises.

Persons who own plantations and yet live in cities, often take children from their parents as soon as they are weaned, and send them into the country; because they do not want the time of the mother taken by attendance upon her own children, it being too valuable to the mistress. As a favor, she is, in some cases she is permitted to go to see them once a year. So, on the other hand, if field slaves happen to have children of an age suitable to the convenience of the master, they are taken from their parents and brought to the city. Parents are almost never consulted as to the disposition to be made of their children; they have as little control over them, as have domestic animals over the disposal of their young. Every natural and social feeling and affection are violated with indifference; slaves are treated as though they did not possess them.

Another way in which the feelings of slaves are trifled with and often deeply wounded is by changing their names; if at the time they are brought into a family, there is another slave of the same name: or if the owner happens, for some other reason, not to like the name of the new

comer. I have known slaves very much grieved at having the names of their children thus changed, when they had been called after a dear relation. Indeed it would be utterly impossible to recount the multitude of ways in which the *heart* of the slave is continually lacerated by the total disregard of his feelings as a social being and a human creature.

The slave suffers also from being continually *watched*. The system of espionage which is constantly kept up over slaves is the most worrying and intolerable that can be imagined. Many mistresses are, in fact, during the absence of their husbands, really their drivers; and the pleasure of returning to their families often, on the part of the husband, is entirely destroyed by the complaints preferred against the slaves when he comes home to his meals.

A mistress of my acquaintance asked her servant boy, one day, what was the reason she could not get him to do his work whilst his master was away, and said to him, "Your master works a great deal harder than you do; he is at his office all day, and often has to study his law cases at night." "Master," said the boy, "is working for himself and for you, ma'am, but I am working for *him*." The

mistress turned, and remarked to a friend, that she was so struck with the truth of the remark, that she could not say a word to him.

But I forbear—the sufferings of the slaves are not only innumerable, but they are *indescribable*. I may paint the agony of kindred torn from each others arms, to meet no more in time; I may depict the inflictions of the blood-stained lash, but I cannot describe the daily, hourly, ceaseless torture, endured by the heart that is constantly trampled under the foot of despotic power. This is a part of the horrors of slavery which, I believe, no one has ever attempted to delineate; I wonder not at it, it mocks all power of language. Who can describe the anguish of that mind which feels itself impaled upon the iron of arbitrary power—its living, writhing, helpless victim! every human susceptibility tortured, its sympathies torn, and stung, and bleeding—always feeling the death-weapon in its heart, and yet not so deep as to *kill* that humanity which is made the curse of its existence.

In the course of my testimony I have entered somewhat into the *minutiæ* of slavery, because this is a part of the subject often overlooked, and cannot be appreciated by any but those who have been wit-

nesses, and entered into sympathy with the slaves as human beings. Slaveholders think nothing of them, because they regard their slaves as *property*, the mere instruments of their convenience and pleasure. *One who is a slaveholder at heart never recognises a human being in a slave.*

As thou hast asked me to testify respecting the *physical condition* of the slaves merely, I say nothing of the awful neglect of their *minds* and *souls* and the systematic effort to embrate them. A wrong and an impiety, in comparison with which all the other unutterable wrongs of slavery are but as the dust of the balance.

ANGELINA G. WELD.

AN EPISCOPALIAN CATECHISM.

The *Southern Episcopalian*, a Charleston, S. C. monthly, gives in its April number, an interesting catechism for slaves. We extract the following questions and answers as samples of religious instruction :

Who keeps snakes and all bad things from hurting you ? God does.

Who gave you a master and mistress ? God gave them to me.

Who says that you must obey them ?—God says that I must.

What book tells you all these ? The Bible.

What is the Bible ? The Bible is God's word.

How does God do all his work ? He always does it right.

Does God love to work ? Yes, God is always at work.

Do the good angels work ? Yes, they do what God tells them.

Do they love to work? Yes, they love to please God.

What does God say about your work?—He that will not work shall not eat.

Did Adam and Eve have to work?—Yes, they were to keep the garden.

Was it hard to keep that garden? No, it was very easy.

What makes the crops so hard to grow now? Sin makes it.

What makes you lazy? My own wicked heart.

What makes you break the Sabbath?—My own wicked heart.

How do you know your heart is wicked? I feel it every day.

Who teaches you so many wicked things? The devil.

Must you let the devil teach you? No, I must not."

WHITE SLAVERY.

We see in the following narrative that slavery is no respecter of color. Mr. LEFTWICH was abused as a slave by his own uncle. Slavery makes an unfeeling despot of the master, drying up the milk of human kindness in his heart toward the subject of his power, whether white or black. It demonizes the master and brutalizes the slave. It must be abhorred of God and hated of all good men. Ed.

NARRATIVE OF WILLIAM LEFTWICH—A NATIVE OF VIRGINIA.

Mr. Leftwich is a grandson of Gen. Jabez Leftwich, who was for some years a member of Congress from Va. Though born in Virginia, he has resided most of his life in Alabama. He now lives in Delhi, Hamilton county, Ohio, near Cincinnati.

As an introduction to his letter, the reader is furnished with the following testimonial to his character, from the Rev. Horace Bushnell, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Delhi,. Dr. Bushnell says :

“ Mr. Leftwich is a worthy member of this church, and is a young man of sterling integrity and veracity.

H. BUSHNELL.”

The following is the letter of Mr. Leftwich, dated Dec. 26, 1838.

“ DEAR BROTHER—Though I am not ranked among the abolitionists, yet I cannot, as a friend of humanity, withhold from the public such facts in relation to the condition of the slaves, as have fallen under my own observation. That I am somewhat acquainted with slavery will be seen, as I narrate some incidents of my own life,—My parents were slave-holders, and moved from Virginia to Madison county, Alabama, during my infancy. My mother soon fell a victim to the climate. Being the youngest of the children, I was left in the care of my aged grandfather, who never held a slave, though his sons owned from 90 to 200 during the time I resided with him. As soon as I could carry a hoe, my uncle, by the name of Neely, persuaded my grandfather that I should be placed in

his hands, and brought up in habits of industry. I was accordingly placed under his tuition. I left the domestic circle, little dreaming of the horrors that awaited me. My mother's own brother took me to the cotton field, there to learn habits of industry, and to be benefited by his counsels.— But the sequel proved, that I was there to feel in my own person, and witness by experience many of the horrors of slavery. Instead of kind admonition, I was to endure the frowns of one, whose sympathies could neither be reached by the prayers and cries of his slaves, nor by the entreaties and sufferings of a sister's son. Let those who call slaveholders kind, hospitable and humane, mark the course the slaveholder pursues with one born free, whose ancestors fought and bled for liberty; and then say, if they can without a blush of shame, that he who robs the helpless of every *right*, can be truly kind and hospitable.

“In a short time after I was put upon the plantation, there was but little difference between me and the slaves, except being *white*, I ate at the master's table.— The slaves were my companions in misery, and I well learned their condition, both in the house and field. Their dwellings are log huts, from ten to twelve feet square ;—

often without windows, doors or floors.— They have neither chairs, tables or bedsteads. These huts are occupied by eight, ten or twelve persons each. Their bedding generally consists of two old blankets. Many of them sleep night after night sitting upon their blocks or stools; others sleep in the open air. Our task was appointed, and from dawn till dark all must bend to their work. Their meals were taken without knife or plate, dish or spoon. Their food was corn *pone*, prepared in the coarsest manner, with a small allowance of meat. The meals in the field were taken from the hands of the carrier, wherever he found them, with no more ceremony than in the feeding of swine. My uncle was his own overseer. For punishing in the field, he preferred a large hickory stick; and wo to him whose work was not done to please him, for the hickory was used upon our heads as remorselessly as if we had been mad dogs. I was often the object of his fury, and shall bear the marks of it on my body till I die. Such was my suffering and degradation, that at the end of five years, I hardly dared to say I was *free*. When thinning cotton, we went mostly on our knees. One day, while thus engaged, my uncle found my row behind; and by way of admonition, gave me

a few blows with his hickory, the marks of which I carried for weeks. Often I followed the example of the fugitive slaves, and betook myself to the mountains; but hunger and fear drove me back, to share with the wretched slave his toil and stripes.— But I have talked enough about my own bondage; I will now relate a few facts, showing the condition of the slaves *generally*.

“ My uncle wishing to purchase what is called a good ‘house wench,’ a *trader* in human flesh soon produced a woman, recommending her as highly as ever a jockey did a horse. She was purchased, but on trial was found wanting in the requisite qualifications. She then fell a victim to the disappointed rage of my uncle; innocent or guilty, she suffered greatly from his fury. He used to tie her to a peach tree in the yard, and whip her till there was no sound place to lay another stroke, and repeat it so often that her back was kept continually sore. Whipping the females around the legs, was a favorite mode of punishment with him. They must stand and hold up their clothes, while he plied hickory. He did not, like some of his neighbors, keep a pack of hounds for hunting runaway negroes, but he kept one dog for that purpose, and when he came up

with a runaway, it would have been death to attempt to fly, and it was nearly so to stand. Sometimes, when my uncle attempted to whip the slaves, the dog would rush upon them and relieve them of their rags, if not of their flesh. One object of my uncle's special hate was "Jerry," a slave of a proud spirit. He defied all the curses, rage and stripes of his tyrant.— Though he was often overpowered—for my uncle would frequently wear out his stick upon his head—yet he would never submit. As he was not expert in picking cotton, he would sometimes run away in the fall, to escape abuse. At one time, after an absence of some months, he was arrested and brought back. As is customary, he was stripped, tied to a log, and the cow-skin applied to his naked body till his master was exhausted. Then a large log chain was fastened around one ankle, passed up his back, over his shoulders, then across his breast, and fastened under his arm. In this condition he was forced to perform his daily task. Add to this he was chained each night, and was compelled to chop wood every Sabbath, to make up lost time. After being thus manacled for some months, he was released—but his spirit was unsubdued. Soon after, his master, in a paroxysm of rage, fell upon him, wore

out his staff upon his head, loaded him again with chains, and after a month, sold him farther south. Another slave, by the name of Mince, who was a man of great strength, purloined some bacon on a Christmas eve. It was missed in the morning, and he being absent, was of course suspected. On returning home, my uncle commanded him to come to him, but he refused. The master strove in vain to lay hands on him; in vain he ordered his slaves to seize him—they dared not. At length the master hurled a stone at his head sufficient to have felled a bullock—but he did not heed it. At that instant my aunt sprang forward, and presenting the gun to my uncle, exclaimed, ‘Shoot him! shoot him!’ He made the attempt but the gun missed fire, and Mince fled. He was taken eight or ten months after that, while crossing the Ohio. When brought back, the master, and an overseer on another plantation, took him to the mountain and punished him to their satisfaction in secret; after which he was loaded with chains and set to his task.

“I have spent nearly all my life in the midst of slavery. From being the son of a slaveholder, I descended to the condition of a slave, and from that condition I rose (if you please to call it so,) to the station

of a '*driver.*' I have lived in Alabama, Tennessee, and Kentucky; and I *know* the condition of the slaves to be that of un-mixed wretchedness and degradation. And on the part of slaveholders, there is cruelty *untold*. The labor of the slave is constant toil, wrung out by fear. Their food is scanty, and taken without comfort. Their clothes answer the purposes neither of comfort nor decency. They are not allowed to read or write. Whether they may worship God or not, depends on the will of the master. The young children, until they can work, often go naked during the warm weather. I could spend months in detailing the sufferings, degradation and cruelty inflicted upon slaves. But my soul sickens at the remembrance of these things."

[*From the N. Y. Independent.*]

“OLD LOTTIE.”

Some years since, at the close of a bright autumnal day, an aged and weary-looking colored woman entered the house of a clergyman in one of our Western States, and timidly besought protection and rest. She said she had been directed there by the friends of the fleeing fugitive. Her threadbare garments hardly sufficed to cover her bowed and shrinking form. Her feet were so sore and travel-worn, that she had doffed the last relic of sandal or shoe. The meek, beseeching earnestness of her look and tone immediately touched the springs of sympathy in that household. Those who composed it had long been accustomed to sympathy with the oppressed, and “him who had no helper.” Its father and head was one who, through long years of a faithful ministry, had trained the people of his charge to care and benevolent effort for God’s outcast ones, himself shedding over his flock the benign

influence of a heroic example. Many a trembling fugitive, fleeing from the pursuing bloodhounds of Republicanism to the protection of Monarchy, had found rest and shelter and concealment beneath his roof. Many a time, the rumbling of wheels through the streets of that quiet village, at the midnight hour, suggested the *kind* of assistance and sympathy which families were receiving, as they followed the guidance of the North Star. She was kindly received and welcomed, as had been many others in like circumstances. When the hour for evening worship arrived, when the hymn of praise went up sweetly from harmonious voices, when earnest petitions were offered by the family's priest who ministered at that altar, the holy glow which irradiated her dark features and lighted up her aged eye, impressed those who saw her; and though no word had been uttered by her on the subject, they arose from their worship feeling sure that their roof-tree that night sheltered "a free-man of the Lord." "Old Lottie," they soon learned to call her; and ere she left them her name was a pleasant household word. Years before, her husband had left her for Canada and liberty. Now, when her sun of life was almost ready to set upon this land of her darkened sojourn, she

sought him and freedom. She was impelled by the desire, so frequently experienced by those who have grown gray in servitude, to *die* free. She felt it would be a blessed boon to inhale, even for a brief time, the bracing air of liberty, though all the green boughs and tender offshoots of her life-tree had been seared and blighted by the deadly breath of oppression.

She was so exhausted by her journey, and so soon did her Christ-like spirit interest those who saw her, and they urged her to stay for a time, that she might recruit her strength, and, if possible, obtain some tidings of her husband, they assured her of protection, and she gratefully accepted their proffered kindness. Many doors were thrown open to her, and many temporary homes were offered her. Weeks lengthened into months,—and months stretched into years, but she resumed her pilgrim staff no more. Amid the sympathy and love and care of those who felt amply repaid for all they did for her, in the heavenly lessons she taught them in her daily life, did she quietly live the remnant of her checkered days. From the midst of these Christian friends did she depart on her returnless journey to that far-off country, that celestial city, whose glittering domes and golden streets shine glo-

riously,—far beyond the reach of the oppressor's rod. "Old Lottie's" history is but an episode of slavery. It forms one of multitudes of illustrations of the "excellencies" and "beauties" of the *peculiar* and *patriarchal* institution of the South. It shows us upon what characters and *whose image* slavery sometimes fastens her galling chain.

I do not know in what section of the South "Old Lottie" first opened her eyes upon her inheritance of servitude and sorrow. It was probably in its northern portion; for she froze her feet when she was young, splitting rails without suitable protection for them, and she carried the marks to her grave. She was a field hand, had a hard master, was always thin and poorly clad, and exposed to cold, hunger, and every variety of hardship, and often, from her earliest recollection, wished herself dead. With a change of owners she was removed to Kentucky. There, in addition to the other wrongs, the tyranny of an irresponsible master inflicted upon her, she found herself the helpless victim of his brutal lust. Her husband she loved, but he was owned on another plantation for some years, and she seldom saw him. After he made his escape she heard from him once or twice, but could never learn his ul-

timiate fate or location. She had been the mother of eight children. They had all been sold from her at different times, and from them she never received any tidings. After her last child was torn from her, a sense of perfect desolation came over her. She felt that she had nothing left—nothing to live for. The toils and degradations and sorrows of her lot overwhelmed her, and she longed to die, and often planned to take her own life. She had sometimes heard such preaching as slaves are permitted to hear; but she was ignorant of the Bible and saving truth, and her mind was benighted. A young friend of her mistress was visiting her at this period of Lottie's desolation, who was in the habit of reading the Bible aloud to the children of the mansion. Lottie was frequently employed so that she overheard the reading, and many precious truths found a lodgment in her mind, and bore rich fruit in after years.

Thoughts of death, and what was beyond, began to occupy her. Unutterable longings for a better portion than her earthly lot sprang up within her. She became more unhappy than ever, though she could not tell why. To rid herself of her uncomfortable feelings she one night went to a dance upon the plantation. A vio-

lent thunder storm renewed her thoughts and fears of death and a hereafter. In her own language, "There came a mighty *big clap*, and I thought it had struck me; I felt like I never should get back to the quarters, and O! what a mighty big sinner I looked like to myself! What a heap of *black* sins rose right up before me, like they would cover me all up." The thunder storm abated, but not her sense of sin, or her wretched desolation of heart. The temptation to take her own life was constantly assailing her. She thought she was such a sinner she might as well die as live, for she must be lost at last, and she could not be more unhappy. Several times she went to the orchard with a string, intending to hang herself upon one of the trees; but whenever she attempted to put it round her neck, she would be startled by the thought that some one was looking at her, and for the time abandon her purpose. Then, in a few days, she would seek the river but that sense of *an eye* upon her would deter her from her fatal plunge.

At length, peace shed its refreshing dews upon her tossed and weary soul, and it rested with its burthens upon Him who "is the way, the truth, and the life," With wondrous love did he reveal himself.—

With wondrous power did the Holy Spirit set home the scattered fragments of truth she had gleaned. How did he strengthen with promises, and make clear the duties to that benighted mind, who had no human helper or teacher. Communion with her blessed Saviour became her meat and her drink—to please him, and him *only*, her sole aim and desire. With her new-found joy commenced a series of annoyances and persecutions from her master, with a full detail of which I will not stain this page. He kept up the strictest surveillance of her, that she might have no opportunities during the day for secret prayer. Unholy compliances, which for years had been extorted from her, she now felt must be terminated, even if *death* was the consequence; for the requirements of her Divine Master had become sacredly paramount to all others. Her tyrant-master commanded her, on pain of the lash, to acknowledge no master but him—to make no requests, and offer no prayer to any but himself. Shut out as she was from opportunities for retirement, she would often, as she hoed corn in the field, raise her eyes and move her lips in ejaculatory prayer, while she continued her work. The descending lash and the horrid oath would frequently recall her to a consciousness of

sorrow and servitude. He waylaid her; he ordered her whipped, often himself applying the lash; he shut her up, and deprived her of food, that he might compass her consent to sin; but she sought that "strong tower into which the righteous runneth and is safe." He whom she trusted ever found her a way of escape from the sin her soul abhorred. She suffered much distress of mind on account of her children, lest they never would be taught the way of salvation, and much of the time her heart was lifted up in prayer for them. She never expected to see them again; but she felt that she *must* have them all gathered into the fold of the "Good Shepherd." One day when she was unusually distressed on their account, as she hoed and prayed, and recalled all the Scripture she had ever learned, and "tried to give 'um up" to her blessed Saviour, she said he seemed to say to her, "Fear not. I will gather thy children from the north and from the south, from the east and from the west, even as a hen gathers her chickens under her wing, and they shall go no more out for ever." So real did this seem to her, that she turned to see him whom she tho't was speaking to her, and received directly across her face the stroke of the lash wielded by her master, and his thundered,

"What are you praying for? What have I told you?" But the deep peace of her soul was undisturbed, for she felt she had received an Infinite pledge for her children's safety. Never after (though she fervently prayed for them while she lived) did she experience one distressed or anxious thought about them. She left them with childlike trust with her Saviour, and went down to her grave in the confident expectation of meeting them at last in glory.

On one occasion she was sent for water to a spring at some distance from the house. She was obliged to dip it into the pail from the spring with a small dipper. As she dipped, she moved her lips, and raised her eyes in prayer. Her master saw her go, and followed her, resolved once more to assail her principles, and, if they were still impregnable, to sell her, and rid himself of the annoyance of a praying Christian slave. The lash descended upon that upturned face, radiant from its communing with the Invisible, and the oft-reiterated "I'm your master. call on me if you want anything, pray to me if you want to pray," fell with an ominous tone upon the ear which had but just been opened to receive the whispers of Infinite Love. Some parts of the scene which followed we will leave for the revealings of

another day. "O massa, you may kill me, but *I must pray* to my blessed Saviour, and *can't* sin against him. "*Then die,*" he said, and ordered her to follow him to the house, and to collect a quantity of dry sticks and fuel, and to pile them on to a huge fireplace in an out-building. She obeyed, and he set fire to them, seized her and threw her on to the fire, and placed his foot upon her to hold her on. So intense and ungoverned was his wrath, that he seemed like one frenzied. A visitor at his house, who was strolling about the yard, entered the building, and *entreated* him to desist and let the poor thing go. After a short time, he removed his foot, but in so doing the fire puffed out from beneath, caught his thin summer clothing, and in a moment he was enveloped in flames. Lottie had on a linsey woolsey dress, and her weight so smothered the flames, that the smell of fire was hardly upon her. She assisted in extinguishing the fire upon her master, but he was so badly burned that he died in a fortnight from that time. He had previous to this partially bargained her to a neighbor, three miles distant.—That evening he sent for him, completed the bargain, and TRANSFERRED THE PROPERTY. He sent her with groans and curses from his presence, charging her never to let him

see her again. Before he died, his remorse and agony were so great that he sent for her, and entreated her forgiveness, and her prayers. She replied to his requests with "O massa! I forgibed you fore I left the room, and I prays for you ebery day, and I tells my blessed Lord you knew not what you did." Her new master knew *why* she had been sold to him, and he immediately undertook to get her religion out of her, as he said.

I will not lengthen my narrative by recounting the cruelties and persecutions she endured from him. Her new mistress was a Christian woman, and to her made her complaints, and from her she received partial protection. In the many years she remained there, she received instruction from her, and she treasured up a rich supply of Bible truth. Her master had seasons of intoxication, and he was then most brutal to her. His wife at length told her to embrace the first good opportunity and escape. She said she had been bought with her money without her consent, and she had a *right* to permit her to go. She instructed her how to cross the river, and follow the North Star;—gave her a pass which she frequently renewed, and five dollars, which she instructed her to conceal about her dress till a time of need.—

Age began to creep upon her, and as yet she had found no opportunity to flee, and she was beginning to look upon death's gateway as her only hope of exit from the house of her bondage. One day, in a fit of intoxication, her master shut her up in the smoke-house, intending to have her severely whipped in the evening. The feeling that the hour for her deliverance had come instantly possessed her, as the door was locked. She kneeled down and prayed that if it was right for her to run away, that she might find a way to unlock the door, and have guidance and wisdom given her. As she arose from her knees, her eyes caught sight of the poles the meat was hung upon. With difficulty she reached and took down one, pried with it upon the door, and it burst open at once. She fled to the woods, there concealed herself for a time, then crossed the Ohio side of the river in a boat, using some of her five dollars, and following her mistress' direction. The rest of her journey she performed on foot. It was a summer of great drought, and she suffered much for food, and *intensely* for water. All the water she could find was so green and thick that she could not drink it. After traveling some days without nourishment, perfectly exhausted, she laid her down in a

piece of woods to die. She committed her soul to God, and thanked him, that, though she must perish in the wilderness, she could die free. She felt as if she were going to sleep, and never expected to awaken in this world. "But," she said, "my Saviour came to me in my sleep, and brought me bread: it looked like the communion bread, and I ate and ate, *till I was full*.—Then he gave me the cup. It was filled with such clear, sweet water, and I drank and drank, and felt rested and strong."—She awoke refreshed, and traveled two days upon the strength of her *imaginary meal*, two days *without any food*. She then reached a house where she found assistance and friends, and rested herself a few days. By them she was directed to some Quakers, and by the latter to the friends with whom we found her at the commencement of this story. Among those who gave her a Christian home, her life was such that none could doubt the truthfulness of her statements. The clergyman with whom she first found her "liberty home" often said it was one of the most precious privileges of his ministry, to sit at "Old Lottie's" feet and learn lessons of faith and love. He beautifully exemplified in his own life the blessedness and power of Christ's love. He followed "Old

Lottie" some years since to that "better land," of which the "blessed Master" they both so much loved, is the light and the glory. It was ever an affliction to Lottie that she could not find her husband or hear of her children's fate; but faith sustained her, and glad notes of praise and thanksgiving were almost constantly uttered for all her mercies. Many who knew her have said they often felt awed, as they witnessed the almost unearthly radiance of her glowing face, when Christ and his salvation were talked of, in her presence. In her last sickness she was much of the time deranged; but, in her semi-lucid intervals, she evinced to those who watched the crumbling of her aged tabernacle, that the blessed but invisible One was with her,—who had spread his broad wing of love over her parched and fainting spirit when in the desert-land of oppression, and been her guide and deliverer in her lonely exodus.

Rest, thou great heart, for the days of thy warfare are accomplished. Thou hast warred more nobly than the conqueror with his legions, and thy victor-crown is more glorious. Thou hast at length seen the "King in his beauty," and drank of those healing waters which supply an "everlasting ablution to all the soils and stains of human anguish." We love to think of

thee in thy spotless robes, among the mighty hosts of ransomed ones, rejoicing and worshipping in His presence, who notes *only* the *hue of the soul*. How thy meek spirit must delight itself in the company of holy patriarchs prophets and martyrs. May thy prayer which so often echoed through the house and breathed on the midnight air, be remembered and answered in this day of our nation's sore need.—
 "O God! my blessed massa, forgib, forgib, all the massers, for they knows not what they does. Oh! forgib 'um and let 'em see the good way that will please the dear Lord. Help 'um to let thy poor ones go free to serve thee, and *not* sin, and help ebery body to forgib 'um too." MELVA.

April, 1854.

TESTIMONY OF JOHN M. NELSON.

A NATIVE OF VIRGINIA.

Extract of a letter, dated January 3, 1839, from John M. Nelson, Esq., of Hillsborough. Mr. Nelson removed from Virginia to Highland county, Ohio, many years since, where he is extensively known and respected:

I was born and raised in Augusta county, Virginia; my father was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and was "owner" of about twenty slaves, he was what was generally termed a "good master." His slaves were generally tolerably well fed and clothed, and not over worked, they were some times permitted to attend church, and called to family worship; few of them, however, availed themselves of these privileges. On *some occasions* I have seen him whip them severely, particularly for the crime of trying to obtain their liberty, or for what was called, 'running away.' For *this* they were scourged more severely

than for any thing else. After they have been retaken, I have seen them stripped naked and suspended by the hands, sometimes to a tree sometimes to a post, until their toes barely touched the ground, and whipped with a cowhide until the blood dripped from their backs. A boy named Jack, particularly, I have seen served in this way more than once. When I was quite a child, I recollect it grieved me very much to see one *tied up* to be whipped, and I used to intercede with tears in their behalf, and mingle my cries with theirs, and feel almost willing to take part of the punishment; I have been severely rebuked by my father for this kind of sympathy. Yet, such is the hardening nature of such scenes, that from this kind of commiseration for the suffering slave, I became so blunted that I could not only witness their stripes with composure, but *myself* inflict them, and that without remorse. One case I have often looked back to with sorrow and contrition, particularly since I have been convinced that "negroes are men." When I was perhaps fourteen or fifteen years of age, I undertook to correct a young fellow named Ned, for some supposed offence; I think it was leaving a bridle out of its proper place; he being larger and stronger than myself took hold of my arms

and held me, in order to prevent my striking him; this I considered the height of insolence, and cried for help, when my father and mother both came running to my rescue. My father stripped and tied him, and took him into the orchard, where switches were plenty, and directed me to whip him; when one switch wore out he supplied me with others. After I had whipped him a while, he fell on his knees to implore forgiveness, and I kicked him in the face; my father said, "don't kick him, but whip him;" this I did until his back was literally covered with *wells*. I know I have repented, and trust I have obtained pardon for these things.

My father owned a woman, (we used to call aunt Grace,) she was purchased in Old Virginia. She has told me that her old master, in his *will*, gave her her freedom, but at his death, his sons had sold her to my father: when he bought her she manifested unwillingness to go with him, when she was put in irons and taken by force.— This was before I was born; but I remember to have seen the irons, and was told that was what they had been used for.— Aunt Grace is still living, and must be between seventy and eighty years of age;— she has, for the last forty years, been an exemplary Christian. When I was a youth

I took some pains to learn her to read ;— this is now a great consolation to her.— Since age and affirmity have rendered her of little value to her “ owners,” she is permitted to read as much as she pleases ;— this she can do, with the aid of glasses, in the old family Bible, which is almost the only book she has ever looked into. This with some little mending for the black children, is all she does ; she is still held as a slave. I well remember what a *heart-rending scene* there was in the family when *my father sold her husband* ; this was, I suppose, thirty-five years ago. And yet my father was considered one of the best of masters. I know of few who were better, but of *many* who were worse.

The last time I saw my father, which was in the fall of 1832, he promised me that he would free all his slaves at his death. He died however without doing it ; and I have understood since, that he omitted it, through the influence of Rev. Dr. Speece, a Presbyterian minister, who lived in the family and was a *warm friend of the Colonization Society*.

About the year 1809 or 10, I became a student of Rev. George Bourne ; he was the first abolitionist I had ever seen, and the first I had ever heard pray or plead for the oppressed, which gave me the first mis-

givings about the *innocence* of slave-holding. I received impressions from Mr. Bourne which I could not get rid of,* and determined in my own mind that when I settled in life, it should be in a free State; this determination I carried into effect in 1813, when I removed to this place, which I supposed at that time, to be all the opposition to slavery that was necessary, but the moment I became convinced that slave-holding was in itself sinful, I became an abolitionist, which was four years ago.

* Mr. Bourne resided seven years in Virginia, "in perils among false brethren," fiercely persecuted for his faithful testimony against slavery. More than twenty years since he published a work entitled "The Book and slavery irreconcilable."

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

I knew the father of John M. Nelson and also the Rev. Dr. Speece. Elder Nelson stood high as a Christian, and Dr. S. very high as a Christian minister. The Dr. had no family when I knew him, and made his home with Mr. Nelson. By the influence of this Doctor of Divinity an elder of his own church was prevented from giving freedom to thirty human beings who were torn from each other at their

master's death. Husbands, and wives, parents and children, separated forever. How unlike the Savior who came to preach deliverance to the captives and the opening of the prison doors to them that are in bonds. The difference between such ministers and the Savior is as great as that between light and darkness. Ed.

CRUELITIES OF SLAVERY.

It will be seen from the dates of most of following extracts, that the present Anti-slavery movement had not commenced when these shocking cruelties were inflicted; and that the statement made for the thousandth time by slaveholders and their apologists, that "Abolitionism has provoked the masters to greater cruelties, and increased the suffering of the slaves," is one of the baldest lies ever told. The truth is, they are not as badly used now as they were before the Anti-slavery excitement commenced:

Before presenting to the reader particular details of the cruelties inflicted upon American slaves, we will present in brief the well-weighed declarations of slaveholders and other residents of slave States, testifying that the slaves are treated with barbarous inhumanity. All *details* and particulars will be drawn out under their ap-

propriate heads. We propose in this place to present testimony of a general character—the solemn declarations of slaveholders and others, that the slaves are treated with great cruelty.

To discredit the testimony of witnesses who insist upon convicting themselves, would be an anomalous scepticism.

To show that American slavery has always had one uniform character of diabolical cruelty, we will go back one hundred years, and prove it by unimpeachable witnesses, who have given their deliberate testimony to its horrid barbarity, from 1739 to 1839.

TESTIMONY OF REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

In a letter written by him in Georgia, and addressed to the slaveholders of Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina and Georgia, in 1739. See Benezet's "Caution to Great Britain and her Colonies."

"As I lately passed through your provinces on my way hither, I was sensibly touched with fellow-feeling of the miseries of the poor negroes.

"Sure I am, it is sinful to use them as bad, nay worse than if they were brutes; and whatever particular exceptions there may be, (as I would charitably hope there are *some*;) I fear the generality of you that own negroes, are liable to such a charge.

Not to mention what numbers have been given up to the inhuman usage of cruel task-masters, who by their unrelenting scourges, have ploughed their backs and made long furrows, and at length brought them to the grave!

“The blood of them, spilt for these many years, in your respective provinces, will ascend up to heaven against you!”

The following is the testimony of the celebrated John Woolman, an eminent minister of the Society of Friends, who traveled extensively in the slave States.—We copy it from a “Memoir of John Woolman, chiefly extracted from a Journal of his Life and Travels.” It was published in Philadelphia, by the “Society of Friends.”

“The following reflections, were written in 1757, while he was traveling on a religious account among slaveholder.”

“Many of the white people in those provinces, take little or no care of negro marriages; and when negroes marry, after their own way, some make so little account of those marriages, that, with views of outward interest, they often part men from their wives, by selling them far asunder;—which is common when estates are sold by executors at vendue.

“Many whose labor is heavy, being fol-

lowed at their business in the field by a man with a whip, hired for that purpose—have, in common, little else allowed them but *one peck* of Indian corn and some salt for one week, with a few potatoes. (The potatoes they commonly raise by their labor on the first day of the week.) The correction ensuing on disobedience to overseers, or slothfulness in business, is often very severe, and sometimes desperate.—Men and women have many times scarce clothes enough to hide their nakedness—and boys and girls, ten and twelve years old, are often *quite naked* among their masters' children. Some use endeavors to instruct those (negro children) they have in reading; but in common, this is not only neglected, but disapproved.”—p. 12.

TESTIMONY OF THE ‘MARYLAND JOURNAL AND BALTIMORE ADVERTISER,’ OF MAY 30, 1788.

“In the ordinary course of the business of the country, the punishment of relations frequently happens, on the same farm, and in view of each other: the father often sees his beloved son—the son his venerable sire—the mother her much loved daughter—the daughter her affectionate parent—the husband sees the wife of his bosom, and she the husband of her affection, cruelly bound up without delicacy or mercy, and without daring to interpose in each

other's behalf, and punished with all the extremity of incensed rage, and all the rigor of unrelenting severity. Let us reverse the case, and suppose it ours: ALL IS SILENT HORROR!"

TESTIMONY OF THE HON. WILLIAM PINCKNEY,
OF MARYLAND.

In a speech before the Maryland House of Delegates, in 1789, Mr. P. calls slavery in that State, "a picture of abominable oppression;" he adds: "It will not do thus to * * * act like unrelenting tyrants, perpetually sermonizing it with liberty as our text, and actual oppression for our commentary. Is she [Maryland] not * * the foster mother of petty *despots*—the patron of wanton oppression?"

Extract from a speech of Mr. Rice, in the Convention for forming the Consitution of Kentucky, in 1790:

"The master may, and often does, inflict upon him all the severity of punishment the human body is capable of bearing."

President Edwards, the Younger, in a sermon before the Connecticut Abolition Society, 1791, says:

"From these drivers, for every imagined, as well as real neglect or want of exertion, they receive the lash—the smack of which

is all day long in the ears of those who are on the plantation or in the vicinity ; and it is used with such dexterity and severity, as not only to lacerate the skin, but to tear out small portions of the flesh at almost every stroke.

“This is the general treatment of the slaves. But many individuals suffer still more severely. Many, many are knocked down ; some have their eyes beaten out : some have an arm or leg broken, or chopped off, and many, for a small, or for no crime at all, have been beaten to death, merely to gratify the fury of an enraged master or overseer.”

Extract from an oration, delivered at Baltimore, July 4, 1791, by George Buchanan, M. D. member of the American Philosophical Society.

“Their situation (the slaves) is *insupportable* ; misery inhabits their cabins, and pursues them in the field. Inhumanly beaten, they *often* fall sacrifices to the turbulent tempers of their masters ! Who is there, unless inured to savage cruelties, that can hear of the inhuman punishment daily inflicted upon the unfortunate blacks, without feeling for them ? Can a man who calls himself a Christian, coolly and deliberately tie up, thumb-screw, torture with pincers, and beat unmercifully, a poor

slave, for perhaps a trifling neglect of duty?—p. 14.

TESTIMONY OF HON. JOHN RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE—A SLAVEHOLDER.

In one of his Congressional speeches, Mr. R. says: "Avarice alone can drive, as it does drive, this infernal traffic, and the wretched victims of it, like so many post-horses *whipped to death* in a mail coach.—Ambition has its cover-sluts in the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war; but where are the trophies of avarice?—*The hand-cuff, the manacle, the blood-stained cow-hide.*"

Major Stoddard, of the United States' army, who took possession of Louisiana in behalf of the United States, under the cession of 1804, in his Sketches of Louisiana, page 332, says:

"The feelings of humanity are outraged—the most odious tyranny exercised in a land of freedom, and hunger and nakedness prevail amidst plenty. * * * Cruel, and even unusual punishments are daily inflicted on these wretched creatures, enfeebled with hunger, labor and the lash. The scenes of misery and distress constantly witnessed along the coast of the Delta, [of the Mississippi,] the wounds and lacerations occasioned by demoralized masters and overseers, torture the feelings of

the passing stranger, and wring blood from the heart."

Monsieur C. C. Robin, who resided in Louisiana from 1802 to 1806, and published a volume containing the results of his observations there, thus speaks of the condition of the slaves :

While they are at labor, the manager, the master, or the driver has commonly the whip in hand to strike the idle. But those of the negroes who are judged guilty of serious faults, are punished twenty, twenty-five, forty, fifty, or one hundred lashes. The manner of this cruel execution is as follows : four stakes are driven down, making a long square ; the culprit is extended naked between these stakes, face downwards ; his hands and his feet are bound separately, with strong cords, to each of the stakes, so far apart that his arms and legs, stretched in the form of St. Andrew's cross, give the poor wretch no chance of stirring. Then the executioner, armed with the long whip of a coachman, strikes upon the loins and thighs. The crack of his whip resounds afar, like that of a angry cartman beating his horses. The blood flows, the long wounds cross each other, strips of skin are raised without softening either the hand of the executioner or the heart of the master, who cries ' sting him harder.'

“ The reader is moved ; so am I : my agitated hand refuses to trace the bloody picture, to recount how many times the piercing cry of pain has interrupted my silent occupations ; how many times I have shuddered at the faces of those barbarous masters, where I saw inscribed the number of victims sacrificed to their ferocity. \

“ The women are subjected to these punishments as rigorously as the men—not even pregnancy exempts them ; in that case, before binding them to the stakes, a hole is made in the ground to accommodate the enlarged form of the victim.

“ It is remarkable that the white creole women are ordinarily more inexorable than the men. Their slow and languid gait, and the trifling services which they impose, betoken only apathetic indolence ;—but should the slave not promptly obey, should he even fail to divine the meaning of their gestures, or looks, in an instant they are armed with a formidable whip ; it is no longer the arm which cannot sustain the weight of a shawl or a reticule—it is no longer the form which but feebly sustains itself. They themselves order the punishment of one of these poor creatures, and with a dry eye see their victim bound to four stakes ; they count the blows, and raise a voice of menace, if the arm that

strikes relaxes, or if the blood does not flow in sufficient abundance. Their sensibility changed into fury must needs feed itself for a while on the hideous spectacle; they must, as if to revive themselves, hear the piercing shrieks, and see the flow of fresh blood; there are some of them who, in their frantic rage, pinch and bite their victims.

“It is by no means wonderful that the laws designed to protect the slave, should be little respected by the generality of such masters. I have seen some masters pay those unfortunate people the miserable overcoat which is their due; but others give them nothing at all, and do not even leave them the hours and Sundays granted to them by law. I have seen some of those barbarous masters leave them, during the winter, in a state of revolting nudity, even contrary to their own true interests, for thus weaken and shorten the lives upon which repose the whole of their own fortunes. I have seen some of those negroes obliged to conceal their nakedness with the long moss of the country. The sad melancholy of these wretches, depicted upon their countenances, the flight of some, and the death of others, do not reclaim their masters; they wreak upon those who remain, the vengeance which they can no longer exercise upon the others.”

WHITMAN MEAD, Esq. of New York, in his journal, published nearly a quarter of a century ago, under date of

“SAVANNAH, January 28, 1817.

“To one not accustomed to such scenes as slavery presents, the condition of the slaves is *impressively shocking*. In the course of my walks, I was everywhere a witness to their wretchedness. Like the brute creatures of the north, they are driven about at the pleasure of all who meet them:—*half naked and half starved*, they drag out a pitiful existence, apparently almost unconscious of what they suffer. A threat accompanies every command, and a bastinado is the usual reward of disobedience.”

TESTIMONY OF REV. JOHN RANKIN,

A native of Tennessee, educated there, and for a number of years a preacher in slave States—now pastor of a church in Ripley, Ohio.

“Many poor slaves are stripped naked; stretched and tied across barrels, or large bags, and tortured with the lash during hours, and even whole days, until their flesh is mangled to the very bones. Others are stripped and hung up by the arms, their feet are tied together, and the end of a heavy piece of timber is put between their legs in order to stretch their bodies,

and so prepare them for the torturing lash—and in this situation they are whipped until their bodies are covered with blood and mangled flesh—and in order to add the greatest keenness to their sufferings, they are washed with *liquid salt*! And some of the miserable creatures are permitted to hang in that position until they actually *expire*; some die under the lash, others linger about for a time, and at length die of their wounds, and many survive, and endure again similar torture.—These bloody scenes are constantly exhibiting in every slaveholding country—thousands of whips are every day stained in African blood! Even the poor females are not permitted to escape these shocking cruelties.”—*Rankin's Letters*, pages 57, 58.

These letters were published fifteen years ago. They were addressed to a brother in Virginia, who was a slaveholder.

TESTIMONY OF THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

“We have heard of slavery as it exists in Asia, and Africa, and Turkey—we have heard of the feudal slavery under which the peasantry of Europe have groaned from the days of Alaric until now, but excepting only the horrible system at the West-India Islands, we have never heard of sla-

very in any country, ancient or modern, Pagan, Mohammedan, or Christian! so terrible in its character, as the slavery which exists in these United States."—Seventh Report American Colonization Society, 1824.

TESTIMONY OF THE GRADUAL EMANCIPATION SOCIETY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Signed by Moses Swain, President, and William Swain Secretary.

"In the eastern part of the State, the slaves considerably outnumber the free population. Their situation is there wretched beyond description. Impoverished by the mismanagement which we have already attempted to describe, the master, unable to support his own grandeur and maintain his slaves, puts the unfortunate wretches upon short allowances, scarcely sufficient for their sustenance so that a great part of them go half naked and half starved much of the time. Generally, throughout the State, the African is an abused, a monstrously outraged creature." See minutes of the American Convention, convened in Baltimore, Oct. 25, 1826.

FROM NILES' BALTIMORE REGISTER FOR 1829,
VOL. 35, p. 4.

"Dealing in slaves has become a large

business. Establishments are made at several places in Maryland and Virginia, at which they are sold like cattle. These places of deposit are strongly built, and well supplied with iron thumb-screws and gags, and ornamented with cowskins and other whips—oftentimes bloody.”

JUDGE RUFFIN, of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, in one of his judicial decisions, says :—

“ The slave, to remain a slave, must feel that there is no appeal from his master. No man can anticipate the provocations which the slave would give, nor the consequent wrath of the master, prompting him to BLOODY VENGEANCE on the turbulent traitor, a vengeance generally practiced with impunity, by reason of its PRIVACY.”—See *Wheeler's Law of Slavery*, p. 247.

MR. MOORE, of Virginia, in his speech before the Legislature of that State, Jan. 15, 1832, says :

“ It must be confessed, that although the treatment of our slaves is in the general, as mild and humane as it can be, that it must always happen, that there will be found hundreds of individuals, who, owing either to the natural ferocity of their dispositions, or to the effects of intemperance, will be guilty of cruelty and barbar-

ity towards their slaves, which is almost intolerable, and at which humanity revolts."

TESTIMONY OF B. SWAIN, ESQ., OF NORTH CAROLINA.

"Let any man of spirit and feeling, for a moment cast his thoughts over this land of slavery—think of the *nakedness* of some, the hungry yearnings of others, the flowing tears and heaving sighs of parting relations, the wailings and wo, the bloody cut of the keen lash, and the frightful scream that rends the very skies—and all this to gratify ambition, lust, pride, avarice, vanity, and other depraved feelings of the human heart * * * THE WORST IS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN. Were all the miseries, the horrors of slavery, to burst at once into view, a peal of seven-fold thunder could scarce strike greater alarm."

[See "*Swain's Address*," 1839.]

CATHERINE FERGUSON.

DIED on Tuesday, July 14th, at her house 74 Thompson street, New York, Widow CATHERINE FERGUSON, after a brief illness, aged about 80 years.

The departure of this remarkable woman should be commemorated by an obituary notice worthy of such a mother in Israel, and such an active, life-long, Christian Philanthropist. It is hoped that a memoir will be presented to the public. Thousands in this community have heard of or known KATY FERGUSON, the aged colored woman, who, in more vigorous life, was the celebrated cake-maker for weddings and other social parties. But many who have eaten her unrivalled cake, and been edified by her sensible chat or pious discourse, may be ignorant of the eminent virtues and extraordinary good deeds which crowned her life. It is due, therefore, to the cause of Christ, of philanthropy, and the people of color especially, that her distinguished services should be recorded.

The facts contained in this notice were chiefly taken from Mrs. Ferguson's own lips, March 25, 1850.

Katy was born a slave. Her mother gave birth to her on her passage from Virginia to this city. Katy Williams—for that was her name—was “owned” by R. B., who lived on Water street, and was an elder in one of the New York City Presbyterian churches. “R. B.,” said Katy “sold my mother away, but I remember that, before we were torn asunder, she knelt down, laid her hand on my head, and gave me to God.

Katy never saw her mother again. Her mistress told her that if she was as good as her mother, she would do well. Katy felt keenly the loss of her mother. The recollection of her own anguish when separated from her, made her, she said, feel compassion for children. When ten years old, she told her master, R. B., that if he would give her liberty, she would serve the Lord forever. But he did not do it.

Katy was never taught to read. “My mistress,” she said, “would not let me learn; and once she said to me, ‘You know more now than my daughters.’” One of her mistress’ sons asked Katy to teach him geography, etc. She exclaimed, “I can’t!” He replied, “Yes, you can; if I don’t read

right in the Bible, or if I don't say my catechism right, you tell quick enough."

At fourteen years of age, she was converted to God. When under conviction of sin, she determined to go and see Rev. John M. Mason, whose church she then attended. She was afraid to go, was unwilling it should be known in the family that she went, and was tremblingly apprehensive that she could not get access to Dr. Mason, or that he would not pay attention to her. She however, summoned resolution enough to go. "While I stood at the door ringing the bell," said she, "I cannot describe my feelings; and when the door opened, and Dr. Mason himself stood before me, I trembled from head to foot. If he had spoken harshly to me, or had repulsed me, I should have almost died of grief, and perhaps have lost my soul." But the good man did not speak harshly to her, nor repulse her. Stern and apparently haughty as he was on some occasions, yet he possessed kind and tender feelings, as the writer well remembers. He united two qualities that are never found united, except in truly great men, high intellectual power and strong emotional feelings. Without waiting for the little trembling colored girl to say anything, Dr. Mason said, "Have you come here to talk to me about your

soul?" This greatly encouraged her. She went in and disclosed to the venerable man the secrets of her heart.

When Katy was sixteen or seventeen years old, a lady in the city purchased her freedom for \$200, giving her six years to reimburse her; but she afterward agreed to allow her one half of the sum for eleven month's work, and the late excellent Divie Bethune raised the other hundred dollars.

At eighteen, she was married. She had two children, but lost them both. "They are dead," said Katy, "and I have no relations now, and most of my old friends are gone."

During her life, she had taken forty eight children—twenty of them white children—some from the alms-house, and others from their parents, and brought them up, or kept them until she could find places for them. She expended much money on their behalf, and followed them with affectionate interest with her prayers. To my inquiry, "Have you laid up any property?" she quickly replied, "How could I, when I gave away all I earned."

When she lived at 51 Warren street, (the house has been taken down,) she regularly collected the children in the neighborhood, who were accustomed to run in the street on the Lord's day, into her house, and got

suitable persons to come and hear them say their catechism, etc.

The sainted Isabella Graham used to invite Katy's scholars to her house, to say their catechism and receive religious instruction. This was about the time Dr. Mason's church in Murray street was built. The doctor heard of her school, and one Sunday visited it. "What are you about here, Katy?" said he, "keeping school on the Sabbath? We must not leave you to do all this." So he spoke to his Elders, had the lecture-room opened, and the children transferred to it. This was the origin of the Sunday School in the Murray-street church, and it is believed that Katy Ferguson's was the first Sunday School in the city.

For more than forty years, up to the last of her life, she has had a prayer-meeting at her house every Friday evening, and for some five years past, another every Sabbath afternoon, into which she gathered the poor neglected children of the neighborhood, and those adults also who did not attend church anywhere. She always secured the aid of some good man to conduct these meetings. The result of these efforts were most happy. Tract distributors, city missionaries, and others remarked that where Katy lived the whole aspect

of the neighborhood was changed. So much for the exertions of a poor colored woman who could not read. "The liberal heart deviseth liberal things."

The secret of Katy's usefulness was her fervent, uniform, and consistent piety. No one could be with her, even for a little while, without feeling its influence. The love of God was shed abroad in her heart and it found expression in acts of benevolence to his children.

The cause of missions was very dear to her. Three years and a half ago a company of missionaries were about to embark for West Africa, under the direction of the American Missionary Association. One of the missionaries was invited to attend the little meetings held at Katy's house, and did so once or twice before leaving the country. Katy's sympathies were at once strongly enlisted in behalf of his young missionary and all his associates. A few months since, the writer met her in the street, and she eagerly inquired about the Mendi Mission. "For these three years," said she, "I have never missed a day but I have prayed for those dear missionaries." Katy mourned over the condition of the poor people in the city, who were suffering on account of their vices as well as their poverty. She said :—

"The ruination of both white and colored people, in this city, is *gambling*. I told one of them that I would never do it; that I had rather live on bread and water."

On Tuesday morning, having been for several days somewhat indisposed, she went out to see a physician. She soon returned to her house and lay down, but grew rapidly worse. In a few hours it became apparent that her disease was cholera, and she was sensible that the hour dissolution was at the hand. Notwithstanding the suddenness of the summons, she was ready. Her mind was calm and clear. "Oh!" said she to a friend who stood near, "What a good thing it is to have a hope in Jesus!" Her last words were:—"Yes, sainted spirit, all is well."—*New York Tribune*.

CIRCASSIAN SLAVES.

THE CIRCASSIANS, AND THE SALE OF BEAUTIFUL SLAVE GIRLS.

[Translated from the French for the New York Tribune.]

TREBIZOND, Thursday, May 25, 1854.

A few days ago there arrived at the quarrantine of Trebizond about two hundred Circassians with a live cargo of great variety, but which they found some difficulty in disposing of by reason of the pecuniary straits in which purchasers are just now placed. The traders, who are steady friends of Shamyl, the Mahomet of the Caucasus, and the bitter and determined enemies of Nicholas, whom in their figurative language they call the vulture of the snows, had for sale forty packages of human flesh. They were made up of a dozen children of from four to eight years old, and of thirty females ranging between fifteen and thirty. The quarrantine doctor requested me to accompany him on his visit to this strange spectacle. The Superinten-

dent of the Lazaretto made the merchants and their wares stand in a line, so that we had an opportunity of making a thorough examination of the parties. The Circassians were all very fine men, large, tall and strong. Their figure was as exquisitely beautiful as that of a woman; their limbs were plump and muscular; their hands and feet were small; their complexion was swarthy—produced by exposure to the mountain air—but their countenances, notwithstanding, bore the impress of gentleness and manly courage; their chests were full and rounded, and their step as proud as that of a monarch upon the stage. Their costume was very picturesque. It consisted of a great ornamented lamb skin, and which fitted closely, of trousers cut after the Turkish fashion, and made of light colored cloth; of a cap of gray felt with a band of lamb skin, the wool of which was long and curled. They wore red slippers without stockings, and a cloak of lamb skin or of felt, with which they wrapped themselves with the utmost dignity.

After having visited the merchants we approached the individuals they had for sale as near as the guards would permit us. The little Circassians and the females were ranged before the doors of the cells, and from their anxious air seemed to enquire

whether we were about to purchase them. The children were beautiful both in form and in countenance. Yet the latter did not exhibit that infantile grace which is so observable in Europeans. They had an expression of gravity not unmixed with care which almost made us regard them as little men who had already experienced the trials and difficulties of life. Young as they were, they seemed as if they had already passed through their term of existence. Their look was that of deep reflection, their stare was piercing and inquisitive, their mouth pinched and serious. All these peculiarities filled us with as much surprise as sorrow, for they forced on us the conviction that this serious air or precocious intellect sprang from fear of the future or from regret at being separated from those mountain scenes around which they had so far passed their youth. They were clad in tattered clothes of no particular cut or color, and wore no covering on their heads or feet. Their food was the same as that of their parents, and of the coarsest, least substantial kind. It consisted of millet cakes and of spring water, and notwithstanding this innutritious fare they all had blooming cheeks and the appearance of health and strength. We next proceeded to make a close inspection of the females.

They were, with the exception of two young girls, all considerably advanced in years, and destined to become servants or bath tenders. Their faces, which had a faded air, produced undoubtedly more by fatigue and hardship than by age, bore an expression of profound sadness and of vague inquietude. Their looks seemed to interrogate us as to our intentions respecting them.

One would suppose they wished to fathom our characters in order to foresee their own destiny, and when they saw that our visit was one merely of curiosity, they cast their eyes upon the ground and waited until they should be allowed to withdraw.— One of these females was exceedingly beautiful. She might be fifteen or sixteen years old; the look she gave us was that of a proud and haughty soul, but in her manner there was nothing of that pensive agitation which we had remarked in her companions and even in the little children. Her large, open and lustrous eyes were expressive of a mind that was once both bold and calm. She no doubt imagined that her beauty would be her protection, and that even her future master could not help but feel its influence. It would indeed be difficult to give any thing like an adequate description of this woman. But I have

seen portraits which have a strong resemblance to her, they were however, the works of great masters which I believed to have been the creations of their fancy and not the representations of any human being. A great master does not however deal merely in the fanciful; he delineates what he sees, or what he recollects that he has seen. What I admired in this young woman was not so much her exquisite proportions, her grace and charming countenance, as her noble and queenly attitude. Her mien was something like that of Cleopatra; had she a diadem on her head one could have taken her for one of those queens we read of in ancient history, or had she on an oaken chaplet she might have passed for a priestess among the Druids. This lovely mountain maid, who had passed her life amid the snows of Caucasus, and whose lot it may be to become one day the wife of a Sultan, wore a sorry garment of coarse blue cloth, which was faded and much stained. It was made after the Turkish fashion, open in front, and exhibited to view an under garment very much soiled, but embroidered with silk of many colors. This garment showed so well the graceful development of her bust that you would have almost sworn it was pasted to her.

It is quite clear that there must be some superior seamstresses in the Caucasus.— She wore a white muslin veil, cast back, which was stained and torn, but so attached as to envelope her like a vestal when she pleased. When we had contemplated this specimen of beauty, so rare in any country, we proceeded to inspect the men who were the fathers or uncles of females and children for sale. The greater part of the Circassians speak and understand the language of the Turks, and it was in this language that the Doctor interrogated them, and received their answers. I shall merely give the translation of my guide :

“What is the price of this child?” said he to one of the Circassians.

“Twenty thousand piastres,” replied the other. (A sum equal to about 600 francs.)

“And what do you ask for that girl?” said the Doctor, pointing to the individual just described.

“Twenty-five thousand piastres, neither more nor less ;” and seeing that the Doctor was saying something to me in a whisper, he added : “That is not too dear, for her entire person is as free from defects as her face. When the quarantine is over, you may make yourself sure on that head. It is only a year ago since I sold her sister,

who is not in any way superior, and yet brought me thirty-two thousand piastres. But as we are at present in greater want of money than we usually are, we shall lower the price to get away the sooner."

"And why have you more want of money now than last year?"

"Because we want to buy muskets and powder and balls."

"What! And is it for the purpose of buying arms and ammunition that you are going to sell your children?"

"Certainly, we wish to drive the Russians from our country, and we have nothing else to sell but our children."

The idea that these men would engage in such a traffic for the purpose of enabling them to struggle against the Russians, made me reflect gravely for a moment. I looked at the Doctor of the quarantine to see if he shared my emotion, but he had been so accustomed to these scenes that the present one made little or no impression on him, and he now confined his attention to whether there were any individuals among the lot who required his professional services. But in what light was I to regard these people? Could I admire those men who carried their patriotism and love of liberty to such a pitch as to sell their children? Admiration no

doubt I felt, but not without a sentiment of deep sorrow. Unfortunately, however, on reflection I came to learn that it was not since the war began that these men have engaged in this detestible traffic, and that it was not merely for the purpose of buying arms, with a noble and heroic intention, that they were in the habit of selling their daughters, their sisters, their sons and their brothers, but that it has been practiced by them from time immemorial, for the purpose of satisfying the commonest wants. I felt a thrill of horror run through me when I looked at those obdurate and heartless men, smoking and laughing and coolly talking about the fate of their own flesh and blood. I wished to leave the odious scene, but the doctor begged of me to stop and not condemn them before I heard them in justification of their conduct. He took aside a hale old man, the quick flashes of whose eye denoted birth, intelligence, and communicativeness. The latter, being interrogated by the doctor, said that it was from a sentiment of the tenderest affection for their children that he and his countrymen were addicted to this traffic.

"It is no trifling sacrifice that we make," said he, "in thus separating ourselves from our dear children ; but we are consoled by

the thought that this separation will be useful to them. In the mountainous regions where we live, our daughters are subjected to the greatest hardships. We have neither bread nor clothing to give them.— But once that they are sold they become ladies—they enter the harems of the Turks. they lead a quiet and easy life, they feel no want of clothing in winter, and they have always bread to eat. And those who chance to get in the harems of the great people, have not only clothes and bread at their command, but also luxury, grandeur and power. They amuse themselves in baths of amber. They have head dresses of pearls. They have perfumes and music, and everything that the love and tenderness of their masters can procure for them. By their side our sons who have been received by the Turks, may become officers in the army, captains, cadis, pashas, and viziers. They then bless their parents who have had the courage and good sense to emancipate them from a life of hardships, of struggles, and of cruel labors. And then when we rear them with the intention of selling them, they know that no happiness awaits them in their country, and therefore they leave it without regret. The Russians who wish to enslave us under the protest that we follow

an inhuman trade, are no better than we are. The great Prince (Shamyl,) who knows them well, who has lived in their cities, and studied their manners and laws, has often told us of the horrible deeds committed among them. We sell our children because the soil of our country is unfruitful, because we cannot afford them any other life than that of constant labor and of misery that cannot be removed. Yet we have gentle manners, we love each other, and we oblige and assist each other.—Among us, you will not find the *knout*, neither will you see prisoners nor executioners. The wishes of our old men are always attentively listened to and respected. And the stranger who risks his person in our mountains, is always sure of protection and assistance. .

The doctor continued his conversation with the old Circassian for a few minutes longer. He spoke to him about Shamyl, who is a king, a prophet,—a very god throughout all the Caucasus. Shamyl is a hero even in the eyes of the Europeans, but besides this he is a prophet among the Circassians.

We left the quarrantine, and I carried away with me a lively impression of all that I had heard or seen. Here, there is a young people full of hope and overflow-

ing with vitality, for it has not only not exhausted his own vigor, but it is constantly giving out to a neighboring nation the best portions of it. Here is a people on the borders of Europe, and within fourteen days' journey of the highest civilization. Well, this people, so masculine, so vigorous, so energetic, so intelligent, and which, up to the present time, has hardly been known to the world, has been cast in utter barbarism by the ignorance and apathy of Europe. We trust that out of the struggle now commenced between Europe and Russia some good will come to those poor countries. Circassia, Georgia, and Abasia still sell their children. This deplorable state of things will, no doubt, cease among our allies from the very contact of the French and British fleets and armies with them. Nor shall this be the first time that the diffusion of civilization shall depend on war, just as the fertilization of the soil is sometimes the effect of the most terrific storm.

DE VALOIS.

THE OLD SLAVE.

BY M. HEMPSTEAD.

He had ceased to count his years—
That poor old tottering slave—
And the generations he had served.
Now wished him in his grave.

His trembling step was slow,
And dim his aged eye,
When from the door of his lowly hut
They turned him out to die.

Long had his prime been past ;
And now, a leafless tree,
With trunk decayed and crumbling fast,
Well nigh to fall was he !

He had loved in his manhood's time,
As a fettered manhood may ;
But the partner of his weary lot
They had torn from his arm away :

For she was beautiful
As twilight's magic hour ;

And she was given up for gold,
To a gloating tyrant's power.

In his ear, the tender name
Of "father," by the tongue
Of infancy, had once been lisped,
Though sad the accents rung ;

For well he knew the child
Must share the mother's fate ;
And so it was, and he was left
Forever desolate !

Long years, long darksome years,
Of toil and woe had flown ;
He had lived, another's babes to feed,
While he sorrowed for his own.

And the children he had reared—
That sad and toil-bent slave—
Had nursed, and carried in his arms,
Now bade him seek a grave !

An anguish seized his soul,
A tear was in his eye—
But 'twas not that he dreaded death,
For much he longed to die !

Slowly he wandered on,
Till at last his footsteps grew
So feeble, that he lay him down
Where the trees their shadows threw

Sweet flowers were clustering near,
He looked at them and smiled,

As he pressed the soft green couch that
earth

Had spread for her dying child.

And the zephyr to his ear

On its mossy pillow stole,

Breathing sweet thoughts of love and hea-
ven,

To cheer his parting soul.

One last long look he gave

To earth and ocean fair,

One last long quivering breath he drew

Of that fresh and balmy air.

Then closed his failing eyes,

And clasped upon his breast

Those toil-worn hands—a moment more,

And the weary had found rest !

PAINFUL INCIDENT.

[From the Dayton Religious Telescope.]

Facts are continually occurring in this country which ought to open the eyes of a civilized and christian people to the horrible character of American slavery, and arouse every honest man and christian to such action as would result in the speedy destruction of that gigantic and unredeemable barbarism.

A few days since there resided in the capital of a neighboring State, Lexington, Ky., an aged slave. From childhood he had patiently toiled for a master, and borne the wrongs, the insults incident to his condition. He had passed in slavery his youth and manhood, and the feebleness of age began to come over him. His locks were white, and so far as he was personally concerned he might have continued to bear his hard lot until released by death.

But he was a father. God had given him three daughters and they were now grown up to womanhood. He loved them as a father ought to love his children. He wished to educate them as American woman ought to be educated, to make them free and establish them in society. He could have borne the wrongs and degradation himself, but could not bear to see his daughters sold in shambles, bought by ungodly men, degraded and distressed.

But to buy them was impossible. They were young and handsome and would have brought thousands of dollars in the southern market. And then *all* his earnings belonged to his master. Nor could he have persuaded the owner of his daughters to emancipate them. A hint toward any such proposition would have subjected him to the tender mercies of the whipping-post. What then could he do? Only two things. Leave his daughters exposed to all the horrors of slavery or attempt their emancipation by flight to Canada. He resolved upon the latter. The sequel is known.—In the streets of Cincinnati only the other night he was taken, knocked down, horribly beaten and bruised, and his daughters dragged back into slavery.

Poor old man! Wretched children!—May heaven pity you.

A reward of a thousand dollars was offered for the recapture of the valuable run-aways.

Now did that old man do right? Who kindled in his heart the desire to educate his children? Who inspired him with a desire to preserve their virtue? And who gave him such anxieties for the elevation of those children, as swell the bosoms of the noblest white parents? And had he been wanting in those desires and sentiments he would have been beneath contempt. Shall we blame him for carrying out, perilous though the attempt, the noblest impulses of his nature? No we cannot blame him. In spite of all unholy laws and unholier prejudices, we say: Brave old man, we honor you for noble purpose and daring effort, and are heartily sorry that you failed.

And now I ask any of our readers in the slave States and in the free if *they* do not justify that aged slave, and if they in their hearts do not consider the attempt to recapture and re-enslave his daughters a base and wicked act, deserving the reprobation of all honest men and the judgments of heaven!

THE PRICE OF AN OLD WOMAN.

A late number of the *Washington Union* contains the following item of news :

“LARGE SALE OF SLAVES.—On the 17th instant the slaves, 17 in number, of the late Hiram K. Duncan, of Worcester, co., Md., were sold at auction at Snow Hill, and nine of them were purchased by T. W. Hargis, Esq., a wealthy farmer of that county, for the sum of \$6,771. One, aged 20 years, brought \$1,000 ; another, aged 27, \$985 ; and the rest of the nine prices ranging from \$895 down to \$430 for one only six years of age. The balance of the 17 were all sold to citizens of the county at high prices, except an old woman, 80 years of age, who brought only 30 cents.”

The owner of that thirty cents' worth of property will surely have a very strong pecuniary interest in having her well cared for. It is generally argued that masters will treat their slaves well because it is their interest to do so. Slaves would deteriorate in value if abused, and if the master yields to passion and maims or mangles—

8—Vol. II.

gles a slave, he is not worth so many dollars afterwards. As this dollar motive is the strongest known or acknowledged in this country, it is generally taken for granted it is all sufficient to procure the bondsman every comfort. In the case of this old woman the motive will be very powerful. Thirty cents at stake will doubtless induce great care, tenderness and forbearance, such as women of that age usually require. We can imagine we can see this thirty-cent mainspring sustain the tottering step of age, bear with its infirmities and supply its many wants.

This calls up the picture of Fred. Douglas' old grandmother in her lone cabin in the woods, left to die without one of the many children she had raised, to bear her company and make her little fire in the long winter nights. May God have mercy on the old woman, separated from all her children, and left to the tender mercies of those having a *property interest* in her welfare.

MEMOIR

OF THE REV. JARVIS C. BACON.

☞ The following Memoir was adopted by the Zanesville Yearly Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection at its last session. The subject of it was an humble and faithful christian minister, and the following brief record fitly sets forth the place he occupies in the memory of his brethren :

MEMOIR.

The lamented subject of this memoir, Bro. J. C. Bacon, was born in Randolph, Portage Co., Ohio, the 25th of Sept., 1812. His parents' names were Chozens and Bathsheba, were both pious.

Bro. Bacon lived without a saving knowledge of Christ till June 1833, in his 21st year. At which time he attended a Camp-Meeting at Williamsfield, Ashtabula Co.,

where he sought and obtained the pardon of sin and its precious fruit, peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Before the meeting closed he joined the M. E. Church on probation, subsequently was received into full connection.

During his stay in that church, which was eleven years, the esteem of his brethren which he enjoyed was evinced in his promotion to the stations of Class-Leader, Exhorter and Local Preacher, in all of which capacities he labored with great zeal.

Returning to consider the oppressions done under the sun, he became deeply sensible of the unscriptural position of the church of his early choice, in that it received to its communion, and elevated to its pulpits, men guilty of the monstrous sin of holding their fellow-beings; the objects of Divine benignity and subjects of redeeming mercy as property—thus giving its power on the side of the oppressor.

There was heard distinctly a voice from heaven saying "Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers in her sins and of her plagues." Have no fellowship with their unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them. Not disobedient to the heavenly call our brother promptly withdrew from that populous church, and

united with the little band of despised Wesleyans:

He came to the second session of the Allegheny Yearly Conference, which was held in 1844, recommended to be received on trial in the traveling connection. Was received and appointed the first year to Mt. Union Circuit. Second, with Bro. J. B. Miller to Granger; third, to Allegheny station; fourth, to Northern Virginia. This year he was brought near the gates of the tomb. His disease was Typhoid Fever. He was resigned and tranquil.—In mercy God raised him from this sickness to his post on the walls of Zion: it proved a dangerous one. The three years following he traveled Grayson Circuit, in South Western Virginia. His first appointment to this field was in 1848.

Our Bro. was not long there till slavery resolved to make him its victim. So soon as the following April, he was indicted for circulating E. Smith's address on slavery, delivered in the 3d Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati, and Douglas Narrative, was brought before a court of magistrates in Grayson Co. This was not for trial, but investigation. Mc.—and Cook were counsel for the State. A. Fulton and P. S. Buckingham for Bro. Bacon. Cook, especially, was very abusive, with profane

tongue railing the innocent. Bro. Bacon who was among lions, was bound over for his appearance at the Fall term of the Superior Court, to be held the 1st of September, to answer to the charge of circulating the above named books with intent to excite persons of color to insurrection.

The penalty for such an offence against the laws of Slavery in Virginia, is imprisonment in the penitentiary not less than one, nor more than five years. Before this Court R. Floyd prosecuted, and A. Steward, P. S. Buckingham and A. Fulton, defended.

The trial lasted from Wednesday A. M., till Thursday P. M. The intervening night our lamb like brother, as a convict, was confined in a filthy jail. The cause was earnestly and ably argued, and verdict rendered of "*Not Guilty.*" The judge (Brown,) was greatly displeased with the decision concerning the Narrative—declared his purpose to burn it.

The cruel demands of Slavery are not yet satisfied. Our brother's soul is not sufficiently vexed. He was required to give bail in \$1,000, for good behavior 12 months—in \$400, for his appearance at the Spring term, to answer to a charge of misdemeanor, in preaching that masters have not right of property in their slaves: also in

\$200 to answer an indictment to be gotten up on the strength of R. C., a slaveholder's oath. Penalty for the misdemeanor, confinement in the County jail not more than one year, and fine not to exceed \$500. Mr. Floyd prosecuted again, and Messrs. Steward, Buckingham and Fulton, defended. The jury rendered a verdict of guilty, and fine of \$49, 62½. The term of imprisonment to be fixed by the judge. Before this was done, Bro. Bacon's counsel asked for a new hearing, this being refused, an appeal was taken to the General Court of Virginia. This court had power to decide upon the legality of the proceedings of the lower court; and if decided to be illegal, Bro. Bacon was entitled to another hearing.

Mr. Cornet, a slaveholder, and Bro. Roberts, gave their obligation in \$1,000, for Bacon's appearance at the September term of the Superior Court of Grayson. Mr. Cornet declared before the court, "he would bail Mr. Bacon in any amount." The foregoing trial was on the 2nd of April 1854. It was announced at the September term, that the General Court decided the proceedings in April, illegal, whereupon, Floyd declining to prosecute further, the clerk was ordered to record a *nolle prosequi*.

In the midst of all those perplexing liti-

gations and the perils connected therewith—in the midst of numerous sanguinary threats of personal violence made by the lawless rabble—in the midst of it all through grace, our brother possessed his soul in peace and patience. Nor did his courage fail, for in the thickest of the danger, when interrogated, he said: "If he were to fall by cruel hands and murderous weapons, or if sentenced to serve in the penitentiary a series of years he should never regret coming to the South." About the time the Conference was in session which gave him a fourth appointment to that field, certain lewd fellows, banded together for the purpose of taking his life if he remained—waylaid and commanded him to depart. To his own, and to the mind of his friends, it was evident, he could labor there no longer, that the law would not shield him. Duty was plain. He returned to his native State.

Coming home after the rise of the Conference, hence having no appointment, he spent the most of the year preaching to his lay brethern in Lawrence, Co., who with himself, were exiled from Grayson. But it was aparent to all, that his "labors more abundant" were fast wasting his life. His frequent hacking cough and his failing vigor, proclaimed too surely that consump-

tion had marked him its victim. Trembling with apprehension as to the result upon his health, the Conference appointed him to Plymouth Circuit. He filled his appointment during the year with great suffering but entire satisfaction, and came to Conference at Mt. Vernon, feeling his labors were well nigh ended. In view of his extremely enfeebled health and in harmony with the wishes of the members of that station, he was appointed to Zanesville. From the Conference, a victim of suffering, he visited the last time his widowed mother in East Trumbull, Ashtabula county, started for Zanesville as far as Leesville. "Man proposes, but God disposes."

Our brother never got to his last appointed field. At Leesville he was attacked with hemorrhage from the lungs—recovered very partially—proceeded to Deersville—was taken sick of Measles—lay at the houses, and received the attention of Bros. Sanders and Spiker and families—so far recovered as to be able to return to Leesville, to Dr. Phillips: But the Physician's skill was unavailing. Here his sufferings were to end. After a few weeks confinement by Tubercular Consumption, being forty-one years, five months and two days old, on the 27th of February, 1854,—one o'clock

P. M., the spirit of our Bro. Bacon, laden and adorned with grace, dismissed its emaciate tenement and departed to God who gave it; to join the company of Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs and Saints in singing unto Him that loved them and washed them from their sins in his own blood. You knew him in life, hence we need not tell his death was peaceful.—“Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.”

The 3rd of March, the mortal remains of our brother were interred in the old graveyard at Footville, and, in a few weeks were taken to the new one, where they softly lie and sweetly sleep till waked to immortality. His funeral sermon was preached by Joseph Albertson of the Allegheny Conference. Text, “I have fought the good fight,” &c. Appropriate words.

Bro. Bacon, though a man of more than ordinary talent, was modest and unintrusive. His courage was commensurate with the occasion that tried it,—his faith was strong in the Eternal Rock; zeal, constant, untiring and self-consuming, “In labors more abundant.” Spirit, Christ-like; Piety, above suspicion; Charity, without partiality or hypocrisy, not in *profession* but in *practice*.

As a friend to the slave, he remembered

those in bonds as bound with them. As a preacher, he was fluent, pointed, earnest, and successful. The fruits of his labors abound. As a Christian and reformer, he was worthy of imitation. But we need not praise him. His record is on high.—His *like* we shall not soon see.

While his loss we deeply feel, as of more than a brother, his bereaved and widowed mother with all his friends, have our sympathies and prayers.

“Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer
behold thee,

Nor tread the rough path of the world by
thy side—

But peaceful is thy silent slumber,

Peaceful in the grave so low ;

Thou no more wilt join our number ;

Thou no more our songs shall know,

Yet again we hope to meet thee

When the day of life is fled,

Then in *heaven* with joy to greet thee,

Where no farewell tear is shed.”

Sept. 4, 1854.

{ A. CROOKS,
R. McCUNE,
S. D. JONES.

RELIGION.

Like snow that falls where waters glide,
Earth's pleasures melt away ;
The rest in time's resistless tide,
And cold are, while they stay :
But joys that from religion flow,
Like stars that gild the night,
Amid the darkest scenes of woe,
Shine forth with sweetest light.

Religion's rays no clouds obscure,
But o'er the Christian's soul
It sheds a radiance calm and pure,
Though tempests round him roll.
His heart may break with sorrow's stroke,
But to its latest thrill,
Like diamonds shining when they're broke
That ray will light it still.